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Original Poem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

THEODORE.

A POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY HENRY PETERSON.

PART II.

Deep in the soul the tree of life is planted,
From whose fair branches heavenly virtues spring;
But round the cursed boughs, by Angels haunted,
Poisonous vines, like baleful serpents, cling
One moment—upon a sweet bud of glory
The next—there blooms a cold and deadly flower,
And the soft murmur of love's blissful story,
Blends with the fierce of the battle hour.
The winds may strive to banish hate and sorrow,
The waters seek to cleanse the tainted soul,
And solitude, earth's holiest mourner lament,
But the fierce spirit works its fell control!

Among my schoolmates, there was one
Whose presence I did ever shun;
I know not why it was, but he
Was always hateful unto me
His every tone of joy, or fear,
Grated on my ear most dear
His look of triumph, and of pride
Wakened disgust I could not hide;
And as I yielded to its power,
It grew on me from hour to hour,
Until I loathed, yea! even more
Than aught that I had known before."
More than the slimy worm, which crawls
On mouse and Temple's tainted walls.
Oh! God of mercy! spare thy hand!
Than child of thine, my brother man!

You ask, if to his bosom, dwelt
The same aversion which I felt:
No! for his breast was calm and cold.
Computed to mine: his feelings rolled
Like a dull stream at even tide,
Inert and sluggish to the mass
His soul was never made, to thrill
With the extremes of good and ill,
To mount upon hope's blessed wing,
Where sorrow might not alight, nor sing,
Or, in fear's horrid strain, to leap
Where thund'rous silence and loneliness creep.
And now, like a dull, distant knell,
The dreadful secret is to tell.
That want of sympathy, which broke
Upon me like a thunder stroke,
So that I felt his very breid,
And from his coming footsteps fled,
Upon him came with darker hue
He felt no loathing at the first;
None of that deep, instinctive hate,
Which all my will could not abate,
But by degrees within his soul
A cold dislike, unnamed and blind,
Which instinct interpreted my desire,
And found no flower among the weeds,
Grew up, and he learned me
With slight, repelling courtesy.

In all the hopes that bosomed hath,
That boy was ever in my path
He was the only one, who could
Rival my kite in the wild wood;
He was quicker of foot as well
Could fling the ball a far off height,
And in our school hours, none could see
That either had the mastery.
But he was hated, alas! by all,
And I was loved by many, dear call
Would ring out gaily, when the gush
Of merry voices, broke the hush
Of the still school: for him, their head
Seemed to forget to raise, but I
While I would smile with sweet grace
Unaltered, from the super clay,
And seek some tone, subdued alof.
To weep over my unhappy lot
And offensive were my looks, as could steal
The thought, too bitter for to bear,
That if he only would depart,
I then might gain the general heart.
For of the rest, no one could hope
With me in skill, in play, or rope:)
And by my fearless daring, none
My reckless comrades amis love.

And when, from nature's holy frame
I slowly turned, to trend a pain
Sad scenes of cold and heartless joy.
I met him, and he made it two
But time, though it had left its trace
In the fixed nucleus of the face,
And changed the stripling a slender form
To manhood's broad and noble bearing
Prepared to brave the wrathful storm,
And never fail for want of daring.
Had not remained his cold dislike,
Which would rankerous, but would not strike.
Nor my nurture severely had
Of all he said, or looked, or did

It was a lovely summer night
The moon looked down in calm delight
Upon a hushed and tranquil world,
The earth lay sleeping like a child.
Over whose features undefiled,
Glides with a pure, seraphic gleam,
The light first of a heavenly dream.
And ev'n the storm cloud, which lay furled
In the low bosom of the west,
Seemed chastened to peacefulness and rest
By the soft silvery smiles, which played
Within its black and ragged shade.
Like a young maiden, bright and good,
While mother old and dark brained wood
I had been kept by once away
From Helen's presence all the day;
Had mingled in their empty strife,
And fought as of for fame and life;
And as I hastened to her side,
I dwelt with rapture and with pride,
On the kind welcome, which would greet
The sound of my approaching feet
I gazed upon the winning face,
Where each discordant shape was drawn and
In a clear flood of dewy light;
And thought, that her my heart of night
Been overflowed by radiant love,
From the pure fount of bliss above
But ere that thought's ethereal trace

Had vanished from my mind like breath
A change came over nature's face,
A change that from life to death
One moment—to the fresh wing gale
The hillside spreads in gleaming sail,
Another comes—and where a now
The dazzling moon's majestic brow,
The valley, and the lonely flow
Of waters, murmuring soft and low?
All! All are fled! and where they stood,
Rolled a black ocean's sullen flood,
And like a wreck, above it shone
With ghastly light, the cold grave stone
Yea! glaring through the sheet gloom.
The only beacon was the tomb!
Why was it that I turned my head
And looked behind me as in dread?
Why from my heart did gladness flee?
Was it that dark cloud's sorcheres?
Why should I mend a passing cloud?
It wraps the earth though like a shroud;
And the fierce storm-winds, as they fly,
With shrill, wild laughter, echo: why?
I stood beside the well known stone
Why did I stand irresolute?
I saw no light in then before:
Was that the low tone of a flute?
It was! and hark, it breathes again.
And comes on rich, mellow on strain
Oh! sweet did a funeral bell
Toll such a soul, overpowering knell,
As that proud strain, so bold and clear,
Sounded upon my fearful ear!
At length, with slow and solemn tread
And hardly knowing what I did,
I gained a wicket, into the field
Streamed out upon the solid night,
And, but within the curtaining gloom,
Stood fearfully into the room.
There sate, and as I gazed, my blood
Crept through me like an icy flood,
And for a moment's space, my brain
Swam dizzily with incessant pain.
Yea! seated by my Helen's side,
And gazing on her in his pride

In pride that has in love its birth,
The man I hated most on earth.

Yes! who have seen a comrade fall
Beneath your own unerring ball;
Yes! who have stood beside the bier,
And shed the marveling tear,
Over the sins, your deeds of gloom
Have brought in sorrow to the tomb,
Or, who have knelt beside the grave
Of her you would have died to save,
And felt that sinking of the heart,
That with that life would then depart,
That you might sleep, and feel no more
The woe you only could deplore,
May understand the deep despair,
The agony, which I cleaved me there!

With faltering step I turned away.
I could not weep, I could not pray,
I could not curse, or breathe a thought
Within my soul, my native clime!
That I forgot there for a time;
I had not even upon my breast returned
In sleep, quick sobbing o'er my head!
I stood erect, me seemed my form
Before the division of the storm.
And dreaded not his vengeful spear,—
For grief, like love, can cast out fear!

Ere long, upon my fevered brain,
The knowledge fell, like fiery rain,
That my birthright was sold and won
That ever was not the first, that he
Now doubly known my enemy.
Had met with her, whose every tone
I had so longed to call my own.
He was the theme of her hours,
In girlhood's young and timid hour;
And when that hushing sorrowtime fled,
And the soft halo round her bend,
Whose radiance flowed like rich perfume,
Told womanhood began to bloom,
She gave in him her gentle heart
Without restraint, or fear, or art;
And when at duty's stern command,
He lingering, left her native land,
She stood her trusty and burdened pain,
And gave to hope the silken rein,
And waited with a holy trust
In the return and the past,
For the sweet hour, when he should come
And in her warm endurance, forget
The tedious months time lent their met

And I had met her at those hours,
When, o'er her bosom early flowers,
A cloud had crossed, beneath whose shade
She dwelt in peace, and not afraid,
But with tgentler could it be?
Some of her own sweet dignity,
And while I gazed upon her face,
Enchanted by each lovely grace,
How absurd thoughts were far away
His form was near her, day by day,
His voice forever in her ear,
With right, repelling courtesy.

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And for a moment's space, my brain
Swam dizzily with incessant pain.
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And gazing on her in his pride

I had no hope that she could be
What she had been again to me;
And yet as clingt the swimmer's hand
Even in dying, to the sand
On which he love, for, far below
The upper wave's tumultuous flow;
As turns the eagle to the shore
Whose borders he shall see no more,
And dreams that in the distant sky,
And its light, cloudy drapery,
He still beholds his native land.
So turned my eye, and clung my hand,
To that last hope, which hope was come.
That sunshine from a perished sun

No longer did I wish delay
The only tie is as rent away.
That bound me to my native earth
For me there blazed no household hearth,
No sister's lip was pressed to mine;
No mother for her son would pine
And what cared I, if o'er my head
My country's brilliant azure spread
Or darker skies, whose dismal light
Lay on the earth like sullen night?
Oh! blame me not, my native clime!
That I forgot thee for a time;
I had soon upon my breast returned
The love, which I so madly spurned
For who can long forget the smile
On which his heart fountains trod,
The shadow's wound, so dark and still,
The warm spread turnbaw, and the till
Round which the waves from her lip played
And sported with the night cap she
The low upon whose giant breast
He nestled from the lowering west,
And cuddled to her the lightning fly
Or strung with fairy gems his hair?
The lake I within whose cooling wave
His heated form at eve he'd lave
Wake with thy excess of joy he laughed.
As every pain that mortal quaffed
The selfs! within whose cavernod sides
Even at noon, no sunbeam glides,
And where, with slow and solemn tread,
He ventured, filled with awe and dread
Yet felt again a fearful pleasure,
Like one who seeks a hellish treasure,
Be the cold stars uncertain light.
When clouds sweep o'er the gusty night —
Oh! who these memories can efface
With the hideous vengeance feats beside me,
And leave within me lonely trace
Of that which ne'er may be again!

I stood upon the vessel's side,
And waited for the sluggish tide,
To bear me from my native clime.
And for those hours to have been crime
I felt no more the keen distress,
The fiery flood of bitterness
Which flowed upon me, when I woke
In anguish from the thunder stroke.
Only to see that I had died
By that which smote me from her side
Now, when I thought of her, my heart
Of linked by a mysterious art,
Her image with his odious form.
A vision and a horrible storm.
Then seemed to my discomposed thought
And though her memory was fraught
At times with the sweet calm of heaven,
It seemed, oh! why I be forgiven
In other spiritual mould, to clothed
With her whose very name I loathed,
The being I had loved so well

At length, our brutal and snowy sail
Caught to its bearing breast the gale,
And, panting, with its keen delight
Sprang forth on the unstrune flight
And as my full heart throbbed to feel
Behind the ocean's distant swell,
I thought of those I left behind,
The noble hearted! and the kind!
At least they seemed to them, for me
Had they been more than thought so dear.—
Nor knew I, till I left its strand,
How much I loved my native land.

But while my eyes were filled with tears,
And watched my heart with hopes and fears.
I slowly turned—was that to be
What I had given up to flee?
Was I the same, who, in days gone,
And thus, in my own native land,
Had left behind me, with a bound,
The familiar shore, whose dismal light
Lay on the earth like sullen night?
Was I the same, who, in days gone,
Had fallen to the vast profound
The earth stood still, like one who hears
A strange, dread sound with sudden fears
And then with an unearthly cry,
Became on his path in agony
Once more I stood, and looked on all
Upon each hapless countenance.
My eye met her I really loved,
And instant with naughty heart aroused,
And as I turned, a sinister cold
Flung o'er the earth its gloomy fold.—
I thought a moment, that the sky
Frowned on my inner vanity

We neared the land—it was an isle
Where rocks in wild sentiment pile

It was a strange and dreadful sight.
That met you, when the lead light
Flashed forth at times through that awful night
Oh! there were men bowed down in prayer,
That God their guilty lives would spare,
Who never had bent the stubborn knee,
Save the feeble hours of infancy,
When at the lad's even tide
They knelt by their dear mother's side
With guileless heart, and sinless love
And prayed for that they needed now
And there was a boy, with a manly heart
Who did not fear from life to part,
But by his pale young sister stood,
So meek and beautiful and good!
And with sacred words of hope and cheer
But she could not restrain the struggling tear;
Not that she dreaded to die, oh no!
When her Father called, she was ready to go
But there was one in a distant land
To whom she had plighted her heart and hand.
And she thought how sadly, day by day,
He would look for her who was far away.
And the fond anxiety of her heart,
When he should hear, that she'd again
He might behold the eye, that chone
Always on him on his throne
And there was a mother, who sternly prayed
For those infant lives, her bosom bore,
For, under eastern circumstances to save any particular
one from being spoiled, and make their promises cheer-
ful, without keeping them in a continual upstair—and all
three were handsome, healthy and promising. They had
several servants, because they had not only money to
pay for them, but could troopers to treat them properly.
Added to this, Mr. Chaney was active, industrious,
temperate, upright and cheerful, and his wife kind, pru-
dent and notable, and they might have continued to en-
joy the most enviable quiet and independence, had not
Mr. Chaney one season when business was dull, taken
it into his head to be ambitious.

"It would be a very pleasant thing," said he, one
evening to Mrs. Chaney, "to take a higher stand among
our neighbors. I don't mean in society; all sensible
people agree that middle life has the truest enjoyments.
And we are just in such a circle as suites our habits and
education, and it it is not called the highest, who cares?
The distinctions of society in this country are very ab-
surd, and mainly originate with the women—no depar-
agement to your sex, my dear—and as you are not
concerned about them, of course I am perfectly satisfied.
But I should like to be distinguished from the crowd by
some peculiarly creditable characteristic or performance.
I am tired of moving along in the beaten track. If we
had Brown's genius, for instance, we no doubt I should, be-
fore now, have been sent to the Legislature, or perhaps
to Congress, but, in the city, a quiet man, like myself,
stands no chance for political distinction. There is a set
of leading demagogues constantly on the watch to step
up the hornes; and as to the pre-eminence of wealth,
that is equally out of the question, for where the popu-
lation is so large, one man cannot look around but he has a
clerk put upon his back, for seeing another either really
or apparently better off than himself. And with regard to
literature, I am not qualified to make a figure in that
line. What think you on this subject, my dear?

"Why, that we ought to enjoy what we have with
gratitude, and leave seeking after reputation to those
who need it, to supply the place of more substantial
comforts—and that your views were more elevated, my
dear; it certainly must be a source of gratification, and
that of a lofty kind, to be pointed out as a man celebrated
for something considerable. You must admit that it
would be much more honorable to have our children
told that their father was somebody, than nobody."

"I would much rather teach our children that they
will have to depend on their own merits," said Mrs.
Chaney.

Mr. Chaney made no response. It had always been
the custom, by tacit agreement, to suspend a subject
on which they differed, until one or the other should
be willing through self-conviction, or a more comply-
ing mood, to acknowledge the opponent in the right.
Accordingly, Mr. Chaney kept to himself the reflections
which immediately presented themselves. He took a
half-wave look at his acquisitive, both mental and phy-
sical, and at last decided that he really might be pos-
sessed of the qualifications for distinctness in our
walk—that of mechanical invention.

He recalled to memory some of the performances of
his boyhood, which, previous to his being apprenticed to
a city merchant, had been spent in the country: and
that he had always been considered one of the luckiest
youngsters in the whole neighborhood. That he had contri-
ved miniature water-mills, and windmills, and weather-
cocks, had been a dilletto at kites and pumpkin lanterns,
that his rabbit-snares and partridge-traps had been un-
failing in execution, and that he had erected on the roof
of his father's barn, a marten-hut, with four or five
tiers of little machines on every side, which everybody
admired as the very cage of a church. And now, with
his matured faculties, what might he not accomplish!
To be sure, he had no particular invention in view, but
pointed out as an ingenious gentleman who employed
his leisure moments in projects for the benefit of the
community, it would be almost as good as to be the
mayor of the city.

Whilst his mind was thus engaged, Mrs. Chaney
made an observation which coincided so well with the
train of her thoughts, that he received it as an augury of
encouragement. She was sitting in a fine spring-seated
chair, with her knitting, and remarked: "I don't ex-
actly like this chair, my dear, it requires too much exer-
tion to rock it. I should prefer one which would work
more easily."

"I'll invent you one, my dear!" said he, striking his
hand on his knee, enthusiastically.

"Invent one!" exclaimed his wife, in astonishment—
"you invent a rocking-chair, Mr. Chaney! why what
puts that in your head? I don't want one invented, but
I should like to have this one sent to the cabinet-maker's
to be a little altered in the rockers."

"I say, my dear, I'll invent you one!" persevered
Mr. Chaney, elevating his brows, and pressing his lips
together with a look of determination, at which his wife
not knowing whether to take him in jest or earnest, sat
still, waiting patiently to hear something further about it.

Mr. Chaney took a letter from his pocket, and busied
himself for ten or fifteen minutes, in drawing upon the
back of it with his pencil, various geometrical figures to-
tally unconnected in his mind with, and at last he observ-
ed, as if soliloquizing: "Yes, it can be done, and I can
do it. There might be a chair invented with machinery
attached, which would set it going, or stop it at pleasure,
and I am pretty sure I have hit upon the plan!"

"I would not care about having such a chair, Mr.
Chaney; the common plan is good enough; all I want
is to have this made to rock more easily. I never saw
the chair yet which I could not stop, with my own
weight, and strength, whenever I pleased," said Mrs.
Chaney.

"But how delightful it would be to have one that
would rock exactly at the proper degree, just as you
might be in the notion?"

"One may of rocking suits me very well, my dear,
you know I am not very nervous."

"You will change your opinion vastly, Mrs. Chaney,
when you see what can be done by human ingenuity.
I will show you something original in the chair line one
of these days, I promise you."

"Why, my dear, what has put that into your head?
you are no cabinet-maker."

"No, but I am going to be one of the most first genera-
cabinet-makers," said Mr. Chaney.

Reflection then should get in that trouble and expense
I would put up with the one I have just as it is, for
well enough chair," in a pretty good manner to go by;
returned his wife.

"You are mistaken, my dear; it exactly were to
follow it, there would be but little occasion for inventive
genius. The march of improvement is a glorious thing,
and these are the times for it."

Mrs. Chaney heard nothing further of the rocking-
chair for two or three weeks, and might have supposed
that her husband had ceased to think about it, had he

From the Lady's Book for February

MR. CHANCY'S Cooking Stove.

BY MRS. A. M. C. ANNAN.

Of all comfortable people, few have a greater number
of comforts to be thankful than had the Chaneys. They
were rich enough to live without any laborious exertion
of body or mind, yet not so much as to be thrown
into the evils of idleness. They had a handsome house,
handsomely furnished, and were not afraid to use it, for
they knew they could well afford to refit it, whenever
that was needed. They had three children—the num-
ber under common circumstances to save any particular
one from being spoiled, and make their premises cheer-
ful, without keeping them in a continual uproar—and all
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ing mood, to acknowledge the opponent in the right.
Accordingly, Mr. Chaney kept to himself the reflections
which immediately presented themselves. He took a
half-wave look at his acquisitive, both mental and phy-
sical, and at last decided that he really might be pos-
sessed of the qualifications for distinctness in our
walk—that of mechanical invention.

He recalled to memory some of the performances of
his boyhood, which, previous to his being apprenticed to
a city merchant, had been spent in the country: and
that he had always been considered one of the luckiest
youngsters in the whole neighborhood. That he had contri-
ved miniature water-mills, and windmills, and weather-
cocks, had been a dilletto at kites and pumpkin lanterns,
that his rabbit-snares and partridge-traps had been un-
failing in execution, and that he had erected on the roof
of his father's barn, a marten-hut, with four or five
tiers of little machines on every side, which everybody
admired as the very cage of a church. And now, with
his matured faculties, what might he not accomplish!
To be sure, he had no particular invention in view, but
pointed out as an ingenious gentleman who employed
his leisure moments in projects for the benefit of the
community, it would be almost as good as to be the
mayor of the city.

Whilst his mind was thus engaged, Mrs. Chaney
made an observation which coincided so well with the
train of her thoughts, that he received it as an augury of
encouragement. She was sitting in a fine spring-seated
chair, with her knitting, and remarked: "I don't ex-
actly like this chair, my dear it requires too much exer-
tion to rock it. I should prefer one which would work
more easily."

"I'll invent you one, my dear!" said he, striking his
hand on his knee, enthusiastically.

"Invent one!" exclaimed his wife, in astonishment—
"you invent a rocking-chair, Mr. Chaney! why what
puts that in your head? I don't want one invented, but
I should like to have this one sent to the cabinet-maker's
to be a little altered in the rockers."

"I say, my dear, I'll invent you one!" persevered
Mr. Chaney, elevating his brows, and pressing his lips
together with a look of determination, at which his wife
not knowing whether to take him in jest or earnest, sat
still, waiting patiently to hear something further about it.

Mr. Chaney took a letter from his pocket, and busied
himself for ten or fifteen minutes, in drawing upon the
back of it with his pencil, various geometrical figures to-
tally unconnected in his mind with, and at last he observ-
ed, as if soliloquizing: "Yes, it can be done, and I can
do it. There might be a chair invented with machinery
attached, which would set it going, or stop it at pleasure,
and I am pretty sure I have hit upon the plan!"

"I would not care about having such a chair, Mr.
Chaney; the common plan is good enough; all I want
is to have this made to rock more easily. I never saw
the chair yet which I could not stop, with my own
weight, and strength, whenever I pleased," said Mrs.
Chaney.

"But how delightful it would be to have one that
would rock exactly at the proper degree, just as you
might be in the notion?"

"One may of rocking suits me very well, my dear,
you know I am not very nervous."

"You will change your opinion vastly, Mrs. Chaney,
when you see what can be done by human ingenuity.
I will show you something original in the chair line one
of these days, I promise you."

"Why, my dear, what has put that into your head?
you are no cabinet-maker."

"No, but I am going to be one of the most first genera-
cabinet-makers," said Mr. Chaney.

Reflection then should get in that trouble and expense
I would put up with the one I have just as it is, for
well enough chair," in a pretty good manner to go by;
returned his wife.

"You are mistaken, my dear; it exactly were to
follow it, there would be but little occasion for inventive
genius. The march of improvement is a glorious thing,
and these are the times for it."

Mrs. Chaney heard nothing further of the rocking-
chair for two or three weeks, and might have supposed
that her husband had ceased to think about it, had he not imbibed in reserves more frequently than formerly and always finished them with taking a pencil from his pocket and drawing, or in flourishing turnable lines with his finger. At last he returned one day from his busi-ness, at an unusual hour, and after he had watched the front parlor windows for a while, with some anxiety, a furniture carriage stopped at the door.

"Here's your rocking-chair, my dear," said he, "such a rocking-chair as the city has never produced before, I assure you."

Mrs. Chaney naturally walked to the window to see it unloaded. "Why it is very much like other rocking-chairs," said she, "only that there seems odd clumsy looking work between the rockers, which it would look much better without."

"That work, Mrs. Chaney, is the novelty and the improvement. That's my invention, and a happy one it is."

By this time the chair was deposited in the back par-lor, and Mr. Chaney, in an ecstasy, sat down upon his throne to explain the operations of the machinery. "As the chair now stands, my dear," said he, "it is no rock-ing-chair at all—merely a common arm-chair—see, it don't budge an inch. Now, turn this screw, so, enough to loosen this particular block, so I shall call it, through which the rocker runs—there, the one on the other side, and by moving them along a little distance, it will rock just about like your old one; now, move it a little farther, and you see it rocks much more freely, and so on. Both blocks can observe must be moved exactly to the same distance; now, to keep them in their places, you turn the screws the other way, until you get them perma-nently fixed. Isn't it the very thing, my dear?"

"Rose me, Mr. Chaney! If you had just ordered in a stick of wood, or a broom-stick, and laid it on the floor under the rockers, at the place required, it would have answered just as well!"

"A stick of wood, a broom-stick!—in your parlors, Mrs. Chaney! I wonder at you—why, my dear, this chair will be a model for the whole trade!"

"And if I want to rock myself either more or less, I must get down on the floor and work with these screws for ten or fifteen minutes!"

"Why, Mrs. Chaney, I am astonished at you! but that's always the way with the fair sex—I mean the unini-tiated; they always object to any thing they are not ac-customed to. Franklin was laughed at for bringing down electricity, and Fulton for talking about steam-boats!"

"Well, well, Mr. Chaney," said the lady, seeing that her husband grew warm, "we won't talk any more about the plan, but you certainly have gone to an un-necessary expense. Now, if you had taken that money and bought me a new cooking-stove, which I need very much, you would have spent it to some advantage."

"A work-stand, my dear! I am much obliged to you for the idea; it will be the very thing for me; I'll in-vent you one!"

"I don't want one invented," said Mrs. Chaney, thinking that something must have gone wrong with her husband's brain, and she used the same arguments as against the chair, but without effect. Mr. Chaney was not to be convinced. He was wide-awakened, which I need very much, you would have spent it to some advantage."

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"Really, Mr. Chaney, you have worn your pants quite threadbare, by getting down on your knees, to work with your screws, and I am afraid you will wear holes in my new carpets in such incessant rocking," said his wife, beginning to grow weary of so much com-pany, and such perpetual motion. Accident, however, befriended her more than remonstrance could have done. One day, on coming home to dinner, he took off the screws to do a little thing to them, when a summons to the table interrupted his work, and he laid them aside to be finished afterwards. The ingenious of dining over, he returned to the parlor, and forgetting that his chair was without its supports, he threw himself into it, with the careless independence of a man who has just had a dinner to his liking, with no particular trouble on his mind. The weight of so bulky a person against the wrong side of the centre of gravity, threw the chair so far back upon its rockers, that they gave way, and Mr. Chaney, to the alarm of the house, was precipitated on the floor.

"Really—I can't help laughing! ha! ha!" said Mrs. Chaney, when she perceived him jumping up with out injury; "it is well that no one but yourself met with the first serious consequence of your invention."

"It is very unkind in you, Mrs. Chaney, positively quite unfeeling, to laugh at one so much an occasion," returned Mr. Chaney, getting in a passion to cover his mortification; "accidents may happen to anybody's in-vention; if you had thought a moment, your own disor-ders must have convinced you of that. How many railroad and steamboat accidents have you heard of lately? Every newspaper, almost, brings intelligence of some shocking catastrophe originating in the best constructed machinery."

Mrs. Chaney was easily corrected; she apologized with much humility, inquired if he was hurt, and con-doled with him so effectionately that he soon recovered his wonted good humor. We should have said, almost. A little pique still remained, which, instead of putting a check upon his new passion, ministered to its ardor. To be laughed at by his own wife! it was more than a man of his spirit ought to submit to, and Mr. Chaney deter-mined that she, as well as the world, should appreciate his abilities. So, though the chair was allowed a little rest, other projects went actively on. Though previously not much of a reader, he was now seldom seen in the house without a book in his hand: some treatise or other relating to the subjects uppermost in his head. It was long before he could venture out of him that did not contain the word machine, or machinery, or a synonyme. He talked about the lever, the fulcrum, the wheel or axle, the gully, the inclined plane, the wedge and the screw, as understandingly as a schoolboy, reciting his well con-ned lessons in mechanics. His old acquaintances were much surprised, and his new ones inquired if Mr. Chaney was not rather eccentric.

The work-stand was completed—a compliration of in-to no use. There were drawers within drawers, and boxes within boxes, and apartments for each spool of cotton and brass tacks, and a cushioned top, with a pin-cushion with a lid to shut over it, and a lever to lift it out, all requiring so much time in opening and shutting, raising up, and pushing aside, as it would have taken to exte-cute the various implements and materials from a disor-dered work-bag. Mrs. Chaney did not presume to laugh this time, but assuring the inventor that it was too in-genious for any thing but a curiosity, she declined ma-king any deposits in it. Mr. Chaney himself was more than delighted with it; and as his first performance, so much so, that he was not satisfied with the admiration and approbation of merely his friends and neighbors, but he studiously skipped into the communication boxes of several printing offices, copies in a carefully disguised hand, of a note to the following effect: "The editor of —— is respectfully invited to examine a highly curi-ous specimen of American mechanical ability, a work-stand invented by our worthy and ingenious townsman, Mr. Chaney. Key to man be seen at the furniture rooms of Messrs. B—— & ——, &c." Further it had been re-manded for exhibition.

The work-stand was followed by a work-box and a desk-stand, and a coffee-roaster, and a coffee-boiler. Mrs. Chaney no longer felt any inclination to laugh. She sighed at the husband, and groaned at the colleagued who became apparently the most enderless woman in the world, living afraid to complain of any thing about the house, however inconvenience it was, or out of repair, lest she should hear the ominous response: "I'll invent you one." Another cause now operated against her as much as her laughing had done. No oblute called, and Mr. Chaney got no guide, and he felt compromised with his dignity to persevere until they should be compelled to lend him a hand on his way up the hall of Fame. To accomplish this some great effort must be made, and he determined that the result should be a cooking-stove.

His readings were now doubled, and his drawings quadrupled. The margins of every newspaper brought into the house were covered with squares and parallelo-grams, and triangles and circles, and spheroids, and the parts of the parlor grates, whenever he was in the house, were to the extreme annoyance of his wife, always lit-tered with shillings. So great an undertaking required a more practical acquaintance with the mysteries of the mechanical powers than he possessed as yet, and he daily frequented the manufactories where they operated to the fullest extent. As his plan matured, he became more and more charmed with it, and he concluded that he must have it patented. The construction of the model followed, and increased his labors as well as his satisfac-tion. It was now a true chance to find him in his count-ing-house. Early clerks were running every day to his house in search of him, and of his resorts his wife was as ignorant as they, for he intended that his invention should remain a profound secret, until he was ready to present it to the world, all finished and furnished to the pipe to feet. There came the time for the casting of the plates, and at the Foundry at which this was to be exe-cuted was at some distance to the country, his absentee-ism was proportionately increased. His business, for want of his attention, began to decline, and, in one week, a note was issued and protested Job Chaney had two notes protested. At this Mrs. Chaney was informed, their eldest son being employed in the bank keeping, and he ventured to become greater and greater. His friends, too, became acquainted with it, and adding it to his fre-quent disappearances from his post, and the abstracted and restless manner which had grown upon him, they began to question each other as to whether Chaney had not got himself into difficulties.

Matters came to Washington brought matters to a cli-max. He had never before left home without taking his wife with him, if on pleasure, nor, if on business, with-out giving her a statement of what was to be done there, and this time he did neither. Her anxiety may be ima-gined. The readers, we presume, will understand that he went to enter his model, and, if they have made the trip, and noticed of themselves, in the model room of the Patent Office, or had guested out to them by the cour-teous gentleman, who at that time presided there, Mr. F——h, as one of his polite conductors, a miniature stove, immeasurably surpassing in complexity the hun-dred others there exhibited, they may rest assured that they have seen Mr. Chaney's.

On the day that Mr. Chaney was expected home, his wife went out on some necessary business, when, turning a corner near the house, as she came homeward, she ob-served two drays driving from the door. Entering the house, she discovered an unusual bustle about the pre-mises, and a loud rattling and clashing and rolling in the kitchen attracted her mother. Here she discovered an immense pile of metal deposited in the place of her well arranged and convenient cooking stove, and her hus-band running busily around it, with his coat off, and his outstretched hands blackened to the wrists, while the domestic force were looking on with curiosity and amuse-ment. Without a word of salutation appropriate to his return, after an absence of several days, he exclaimed in the fury of his genius, "what do you think of this?"

Mrs. Chaney was gazing in consternation: "Bless me, Mr. Chaney!" she ejaculated, "what upon earth are you doing with a locomotive in my kitchen?"

"A locomotive! ha! ha!—in one sense, though, it is really a locomotive—it will do half you work for you of itself! ha! ha!"

"What is it, Mr. Chaney?" demanded the lady, in her turn getting angry at being laughed at; "what is it? —you don't pretend to call that monstrous thing a cook-ing-stove!"

"Don't, madam!—what is it then, but a cooking stove!—a cooking stove of my own invention; one for which I am to have a patent—one that is to supersede all others, and to be universally known as Chaney's Cooking Stove. What should all these utensils be for, if not for a cooking stove?" and he pointed to a stack of pots and pans and so forth, covering the table from one end to the other, and a similar one on the dresser. "Look here, Mrs. Chaney," he continued, "you never saw such a collection of conveniences before, in your life. Here are cast-iron boilers, and sheet-iron boilers, and tin boilers. Here are cast iron pans, and sheet-iron pans, and tin pans: and iron roasters and tin roasters; and stone bakers, and

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lering, and was fond of variety, had to partake of them without complaint. Yet he never lost faith in the excellency of his invention, and he felt inclined to pronounce, mentally, his wife to be no stupid as the domestics.

"My dear," said he, a few days after the departure of Alexander's successor, "you know I do not make it a practice to invite company without first consulting you, but to-day I met with a party of gentlemen, who I am anxious should see my store looked, and asked them to dine with me. You have no objection, I presume?"

"Not in the least," replied Mrs. Chaney, "provided you are willing to put up with such a dinner as you can get."

"Why, can it be possible, Mr. Chaney, that you would do such a thing?—invite a dozen of gentlemen to dinner, when we have not a single servant but one chambermaid, and I am compelled to do the cooking myself?"

"Bad I'll get you servants plenty. I have just engaged an Irish waiter at one of the Intelligence offices, an active, willing lad, as can be found. I was resolved to have nothing more to do with those impertinent black fellows. He'll be here in the morning. I believe he has never served in the house before, but white servants, Europeans, think of nothing but obeying orders. And I'll have you a professed cook for the day."

"There is no cook who could do anything with that stove," said Mrs. Chaney, tartly.

"Nonsense, my dear! a cook who understands her business thoroughly, a professed cook, can cook with anything. When you have the whole structure in operation, which it has never been yet, you will find it to work to a charm. I will attend to heating it properly myself, so that you need give yourself no uneasiness about it."

Mrs. Chaney's disaffection, serious as it was, had not yet arrived at such a crisis as to lead her to combat what was irremediable, and, the gentlemen being invited, she no further demurred, but set to work upon a plan for the morrow's entertainment, though it was not without many misgivings. She, however, stipulated that her husband should not bring any of his guests into the kitchen before the dinner was over.

The next morning, Mrs. Chaney arose before the sun to do the marketing. Mr. Chaney insisting that even a greater variety than is usual on such occasions, should be prepared, that the stove might be tested to the fullest extent. She returned with a bountiful supply, having spared neither trouble nor expense in collecting it, and found her husband busy, as usual, with the stove, preparatory to breakfast; and well he earned his morning's meal! While eating it, he wheedled his appetite with conjecturing what would be the complimentary terms relating to himself in the paragraphs of the next day's papers, which he expected to notice:—"A sumptuous and elegant repast, prepared at the mansion of Jol. Chaney, Esq. by a cooking stove of his own invention."

Breakfast over, the cook made her appearance. She cast a scrutinizing and suspicious glance at the stove, as she untied her bonnet strings, and asked *if that was what she was to cook in.* Mr. Chaney replied in the affirmative, and, all alert, threw back some of the plates, and commenced an explanation of *its modus operandi.* She tied her bonnet again.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, sir," she said, resolutely; "but I never undertake to cook in a stove unless I understand it. Then that cook for a living must take care of their reputation."

Mrs. Chaney tried persuasion, and Mr. Chaney offered double wages, but without success; and she withdrew. It was time to commence preparations, and Mr. Chaney set off at full speed in quest of some one who would engage in the arduous undertaking; but without there being any apparent reason for it, except to disappoint Mr. Chaney, cooks seemed, for that day, to have been particularly in demand. Not one could be obtained, and Mrs. Chaney was obliged to draw upon the services of an old woman, living in an alley close by, who was considered a useful hand at work in general, and to prepare for being the principal official in the kitchen herself, which she did on condition that her husband would stay at home to regulate the stove.

The morning wore round, and the new waiter presented himself—a sturdy Irish youth, of eighteen or twenty, with a new pair of shoes which creaked, and stamped at every step; his coat buttoned so closely that it seemed a marvel that he could move at all, and his hat set on one side of his head on the top of an immense pile of rough, sandy hair. Rosetta being engaged with the parlors and the table things, he was taken into the kitchen to assist there. Through Mrs. Chaney's labors and directions, everything that hands could do was done well and soon; but what was to be effected by the stove, threatened to prove a failure. Some divisions were too much heated, and others scarcely heated at all, and Mrs. Chaney found the first ring of the bell, announcing an arrival, with a sinking heart.

The hour came at which the dinner should have been served, and some of the dishes were ready, while others had scarcely commenced cooking; and as Mr. Chaney was now obliged to remain in the parlors with the company, matters grew worse and worse. At length it became necessary to bring him out, and Mrs. Chaney dispatched her new waiting boy to call him. He did so, literally, presenting himself at the folding-doors in an apron of Rosetta's, having come unprepared for immediate service, and said, in the loudest voice, "Missis Chauney, will ye come until the kitchen if it please ye?"

The professor of natural philosophy was in the midst of a scientific harangue, and Mr. Chaney, keeping his seat (to which deference he was not a guest, gave a nod to the messenger, and continued to listen.

"Master Chauney, place to come until the kitchen, will ye?" persisted the summoner, presuming that he had not been heard.

"In a few minutes, Patrick," Mr. Chaney was constrained to answer, forgetting, as he did so, the name of his new ally, who, not willing to submit to a summons promptly corrected himself: "Ye've made a mistake, sir: my name is Arthur, at your service."

"Very well, Arthur," said Mr. Chaney, with a wish to conceal his confusion, "you can go;" and Arthur did the latter. "Yes, ma'am, I'll tell him!" He returned, and again entering the doorway, he continued, at the height of his voice, "Ye're very badly wanted, sir, if he don't come to until the kitchen, and help to turn the roast pig out of the stove, it'll be burnt till death, and ye'll have till ate the turnips raw!" Western Chauney is waiting for ye at the back door in a terrible pucker!"

This reiterated Mr. Chaney was obliged to follow out; and he found matters as Arthur had described. Then for the first time his own confidence began to be shaken; but concealing his apprehension, he proceeded with his usual process of opening and shutting valves, turning dampers, and so forth. But it grew later and later. The guests began to look anxiously towards the back parlor door, in short signs of hunger in their countenances; and it was necessary to send in the dinner cooked or uncooked. Some of the dishes were burnt until it would have been difficult to discover their specific nature; some shortened the natural period of the period of the action of fire, while others, which had been perfected by it too soon, and would have been spoiled by standing, had been replaced by a new set. Never had a meal as abundant, and abundantly bad, been seen in the house before. Poor Mrs. Chaney, all smoked and red and perspiring, was necessitated to dress and present herself at the table, conscious as she was that the failure of everything upon it would double her fears during the honors properly; nor was her husband less disconcerted, both on account of his wife and of the stove. The new waiter, also, constantly aided by their subsequent blunders, and though they were inclined to dismiss him from the room, he could not be spared. Rosetta was also in attendance, but she could not have done his part with her own. On his removing the soup, Mrs. Chaney noticed that his hands were so thickly streaked with black, that everything he touched was in danger of receiving the same line, and when he came near her she pointed to it significantly.

"Don't I know it, ma am?" he returned, in a loud whooping whisper, which could be heard all round the table, and farther yet, Mr. Chaney having corrected him for his loud parlance in the drawing-room; "but where's the use of losing time even washing one's hands? Every time I go out the cold lady in the kitchen is for making me temper the stove and lift some of them smoky boilers."

Mrs. Chaney shook her head to silence him. "What d'ye please to say, ma am?" he asked, not taking the hint, and rather in a louder tone, at which one or two of the gentlemen smiled, and Rosetta giggled.

Mrs. Chaney now felt herself obliged to apologize for some of the dishes, and her husband with regard to their feelings, was kind enough to assist her by saying, that any deficiencies must be attributed to the cook not having got into the way of managing the stove.

The second course having come on, Arthur, who had been kneeling it in, after depositing the last article, asked, in another of his whispers, "How long it take ye, ma am, till ate up this sideboy? The cold lady wants me till go into the cellar and split her a faggot of pine to poke among the stone-coal and keep it a-going, or the pies 'll be dread cold water crackers."

Arthur had at Chaney's ear head, at which Arthur again demanded, "What d'ye plase to say, ma'am?"

Then came another course as bad as those preceding, and, to increase her vexation, Mrs. Chaney noticed that Arthur had brought in a knave more deformed than those he had taken away. She ordered him, in a low voice, to "bring the clean ones." "These are the clane ones, Mistress Chauney," he returned, this time forgetting to whisper at all; "I upset the vinegar on them when I was eating the turkey from bein' grounded by the soup, and forgot till scour them, when the cold lady put me at pealing the last dagrin of potaters."

Mrs. Chaney once more shook her head, and Arthur rejoined, for the third time, which, indeed, pursued the chaney, by tearing further communications, she ordered him from the room. "What d'ye plase to say, ma'am?" said, as he was going, he added to Rosetta, who, as he passed her, in an energetic whisper, exclaimed his fault, "Hould your tongue, ye jade! d'ye think I have till be tached my manners by a nagur?"

His exit, however, was not final. In a few minutes he came rushing back, exclaiming, "Presave us, Mester Chauney! ooh, murther! the chimney's afire, and we'll all be burnt out of house and home! ooh, that ever I left the cold boy's in it, to a nurasery!" and Mr. Chaney flew to the kitchen. The guests hastened to the windows, and, to truth, indeed volumes of thick smoke, with a dusky blaze, bursting from the chimney. Mr. Chaney in his impatience to set up his stove, had neglected to have it swept, and serious danger was now apprehended. The alarm was made, and large masses of burning soot were blown about the yard. The boys in the street immediately caused the alarm, the nearest firebell rang, and in a few minutes three or four engines were rattling around the house. The fire was soon extinguished, but the damage did not end with it. There had been a dearth of conflagrations for some time; and the youths who had been so prompt to save the house in their behalf to show off their engines, continued to pour floods of water, not only down the kitchen chimney, unnecessary thing in their way, the stove excepted, was ready to assist, but down that of the back parlor also, and Mrs. Chaney's elegant new carpet and needle-worked rug sustained such an injury as could never be remedied.

Of course, to return to dinner, after such a turmoil was not to be thought of, and the gentlemen, after waiting until they saw their contriving out of danger, took their hats and their leave.

"It is all your fault, Mr. Chaney, with your abominable stove!" exclaimed Mrs. Chaney, as soon as the guests had retired, easing her fright and her vexation, as it is common for ladies to do, by a hearty fit of crying; "you have turned off my servants, half lifted me with labor, ruined my temper, disgraced my housekeeping, and now given me this terrible fright; I shall never get over it!"

Mr. Chaney did not gainsay her reproaches; but the next day he quietly had his invention removed from the kitchen, and the former stove restored to its place. Though he did not acknowledge it even to himself, but shunned all the disturbance on the obtuseness of his household he was convinced that the *more desirous* he be thought a genius in, the more sufficient to make one. He did not step here, but recalled Alexander, paid Peale's doctor's bill, and brought her back; and the next time he gave a dinner, though it was not prepared with the expectation of a newspaper puff, he had the satisfaction of knowing that it well deserved one.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1842.

Reply to Mr. Clay.

The debate on Mr. Clay's motion to amend the constitution, was postponed on Monday week, immediately after Mr. Clay sat down, until Monday last. Owing to the death of Senator Dixon, the debate has been again postponed. We shall, at an early day, give a reply, from the opposite side of the house, to the speech of Mr. Clay. It is understood that either Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Benton, or perhaps Mr. Preston will be the champion of the veto power as it at present exists.

☞ At what Post-office does B. Monran receive his paper!

Thomas Armstrong, Esq.

Another of our venerable citizens has gone to his rest. Thomas Armstrong, Esq. long a distinguished member of the Philadelphia Bar, and sometime Judge of our Court, died on Friday, the 28th inst., in the seventy-seventh year of his age. We, who have known him for years, can bear testimony to his worth and the unaffected sorrow with which his loss is deplored. Through a much longer life than is usually allotted to man, he maintained the character of a philanthropist and a christian, and died at length, in the arms of his family, like one who wraps his mantle around him and lies down to pleasant dreams. The recollection of his talents, his worth, his unaffected benevolence will long keep his memory green in our hearts. Beautifully has the Scripture embodied these ideas, and at the same time breathed consolation to the mourners, when it says "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for *they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.*"

Mr. Armstrong was, we believe, the oldest surviving member of the Philadelphia Bar, at the time of his decease. More than half a century has elapsed since he was admitted to our Courts. We alluded to him a few weeks since, as being the last of the classmates of Judge Hopkinson—but alas! little did we think that, in so short a time, he would be called to follow the friend of his youth. Death, indeed, has been busy of late among the good and venerable of our city. Vaughan and Hopkinson had scarcely been carried to their last homes, before we were called on to follow this good man to his final resting place. But why should we indulge in vain reprinings? He died not away from his friends or after a life nas-spent, but fell asleep in the bosom of his family, with the assurance of a glorious immortality. He was gathered to his fathers, in the sublime language of Holy Writ, like a shock of corn fully ripe.

Bank Excitement.

Consequences of the failure of the Girard Bank—Run on the Pennsylvania Bank—Injunction issued against said Bank at the instance of the Governor—Great excitement—Police to pay Bank interest—Escape of the Banks—Quiet restored.

We announced, in last week's Post, the stoppage of the Girard Bank. The reasons for this were also mentioned. There is a current anecdote among the knowing ones, that the real cause of the run on that bank arose out of a personal difficulty between the cashier of the Girard and another bank. This difficulty resulted in the refusal of that bank to take Girard paper—this refusal brought on a pause—to the panic ensued a run—the other banks refused to aid the Girard except on certain conditions to which she would not agree, and in consequence she stopped.

During Wednesday—the day of the stoppage—a large crowd was collected in front of the bank, and considerable excitement prevailed. No violence, however, was attempted. On Thursday large numbers assembled in front of the institution, but the day passed off as quietly as the preceding one. By Saturday the excitement began to subside, and on Monday last, that event was to be forgotten. Many of the brokers suffered severely, and the extensive house of Alex. Benson & Co. was forced to stop. Several heavy operators and merchants also failed.

From Wednesday until Friday the public mind was growing more and more uneasy with respect to the solvency of the Bank of Pennsylvania. The interest on the State debt, it was known, would be due on Thursday, and this not a little increased the alarm. Depositors began as early as Thursday to remove their accounts from the bank. Confidence diminished every hour. At length, on Saturday, a general run was made on the bank, but until the usual hour of closing her doors she continued to redeem her notes.

Gov. Porter was in the city during the latter part of last week, having left Harrisburg immediately after hearing of the stoppage of the Girard Bank. A run on the Bank of Pennsylvania on Saturday. As this bank held the State funds, provided to pay the interest of the State debt, due on the 1st instant, the Governor came to the conclusion that the interests of the State and community would be best secured by closing the bank. Accordingly he ordered the Attorney General of the State to apply to the Supreme Court on Monday morning for an injunction against the payment of any further monies by the bank, as the agent of the State. The Governor notified this determination in the following letter to the President and Directors of the Bank:

MERCHANTS' HOTEL 31st January, 1842 {
5 o'clock, Monday Morning.

President and Directors of the Bank of Pennsylvania

Gentlemen:—I directed the Attorney General, on Saturday evening, to adopt proper legal measures to secure the Public Monies deposited in the Bank of Pennsylvania, as well as the interests of all who are in any way creditors or debtors of that institution. That officer will apply to the Supreme Court at the earliest possible moment this morning, for an injunction, and the appointment of a Receiver to take charge of all the assets of the Bank. You are now apprized of that fact, and directed not to open your doors this morning, nor pay out any of your moneys or transfer any of your assets for any purpose whatever. When the seals are placed in the custody of the Law, the rights of all parties will be fully guaranteed.

Respectfully,

DAVID R. PORTER.

To the Mr. Trotter, the President, replied as follows:

Resolved, That in pursuance of the direction of the Governor, the Bank is hereby closed.

JOSEPH TROTTER, President.

Monday Morning, 9 o'clock, 31st January, 1842.

The injunction was granted and a rule to show cause why receivers should not be appointed was ordered by the Supreme Court, on Monday morning. The attorney of the bank was present but said he had no remarks.

We regret to say that, in consequence of this run on the Pennsylvania Bank, the State interest was not paid on Tuesday, the day it was due—the bank having used the funds, or a portion of them, to sustain their own credit. We understand that the money to pay this interest has been in the bank for more than two months, and that the Governor having an emergency like the present in view, contemplated paying the interest some weeks since, but that Mr. Trotter, the late State Treasurer, would not consent to the measure. We give this as a rumor without vouching for its truth. When the State interest will be paid it is impossible to tell. Arrangements are being made to effect this desirable end, but up to the time of our going to press nothing definitive has transpired. The Governor meanwhile has made a requisition on such banks as were liable, for the balance of the 6 per cent. on their capital, amounting to 1½ per cent., which he considers they are bound to lend the State under the old law.

On Monday the excitement still reigned, and a run was commenced on the Mechanics' Bank. The institution promptly met the demands on her and kept open until 8 o'clock for the purpose.

Meantime the banks, conscious of the necessity of union among themselves, and desirous of allaying the popular excitement, convened by delegates at the Philadelphia Bank on Saturday.

The Philadelphia Bank, The Mechanics', Farmer's and Mechanics', North America, Commercial, Western, Penn Township, Manufacturers' and Mechanics' and Southwark, were represented.

The following banks were not represented, in consequence of not having received timely notice.

The Bank of Northern Liberties, Moyamensing and Kensington.

On motion of Mr. Dundas of the Commercial Bank, an arrangement to the following effect was agreed upon, subject to the decision of the respective Boards, at special meetings to be held subsequently.

1. The Banks to issue their own notes exclusively, of the denomination of $20 and upwards.

2. The Banks to make daily exchanges with each other.

3. Balances to be settled weekly, or oftener, at the option of the creditor bank; to be paid in specie, or up to the 1st March, in commercial bills not having more than 45 days to run;—after the 1st of March, not exceeding 30 days to run; to be approved by the creditor bank, and guaranteed by the debtor bank.

4. A *safety fund* is also to be created, thus:—the banks of largest capital are to deposit $100,000 each, and those of a smaller capital, $50,000 each, in the hands of Trustees, each bank to choose one Trustee, and the whole to form a board. The above sums to be in specie, Treasury notes, or equally satisfactory security. On the default of any bank, the Trustees to have power to convert the security to such an extent as to pay the defalcation; and the defaulting bank to be thereafter excluded from the arrangement.

5. To resume specie payments on the 1st of August.

After the adoption of a few further resolutions, not of general interest, the delegates adjourned.

We may add, that the Bank of Pennsylvania was not represented.

The delegates continued their meetings, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and until all the Banks had come into the arrangement. The following persons were appointed Trustees.

John Richardson, North America Bank.
Samuel S. Smith, Philadelphia Bank.
James Dundas, Commercial Bank.
J. P. Hutchinson, Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank.
J. B. Mitchell, Mechanics' Bank.
David Kirkpatrick, Northern Liberties Bank.
Joseph Solms, Moyamensing Bank.
Thomas H. Craig, Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Bank.
D. B. Hinman, Penn Township Bank.
Thomas Sparks, Southwark Bank.
Joseph Patterson, Western Bank.

Before the arrangement however had been finally concluded, it was determined to alter the fourth proposition, so that each bank should deposit in the safety fund $75,000. This was done because it was thought the means of the smaller banks would be as great as those of the larger banks. The Trustees, moreover, have the power to make any bank increase their deposit.

Monday, the 7th inst., is the day fixed upon as that on which each Bank will begin to pay out its own notes.

The crisis, we may freely say, is past. Confidence is being restored. This salutary movement of the Banks has resulted in a great measure to no desirable an end, and the determination to resume specie payments on the 1st of August, has allayed every fear. Our monetary circles are now comparatively quiet. The excitement has died away. We may look forward to a season of serenity and repose, after the hurricane which has just passed over us.

For the prices of stock we must refer our readers to the table on another page.

Colt's Trial and Conviction.

The trial of this individual was brought to a close on Saturday the 29th ult., and on Sunday morning the jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty of Murder in the first degree." John A. Morrill, counsel for the prisoner, gave notice to the court that he wished to file a bill of exceptions, which, in consequence of the lateness of the hour and the absence of his associates, he could not do before Monday. The prisoner heard the verdict of the jury with some little emotion, which appeared to have been entirely quieted when his counsel put in his plea for a bill of exceptions. Several of the jurors were much affected, and some of them shed tears when they were separately called upon to answer to the verdict.

As we said last week, we deem it unnecessary to go into the details of the evidence adduced by the Commonwealth on this trial. The facts elicited at the commitment we published some time since, and the testimony on the trial was exactly similar. The murder of Adams was proved by the neighbor of Colt, who heard the scuffle—by the discovery of the box containing the remains of the murdered man—and lastly by the confession of the prisoner produced on his trial. This confession, however, denied that the murder was intentional, attributing it to an accidental blow in a scuffle. Colt said in this document:

"Samuel Adams called on Friday at my office, as near as I can recollect, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock. Whether he had any special object in view in coming at that time or not, I cannot say. When he entered my office, I was sitting at my table, as usual, and was at that time engaged in the arrangement of a machine which, as I had been engaged in this work for one or two days previous; that is, I was reading over the entries and reconsidering the articles belonging to the machine. Mr. Adams seated himself in a chair near me at the table, and within an arm's length of myself, as near that he both leaned out hands forward, towards each other. I have no doubt but that the would have seen the oil. I spoke of my account, which he had at my request handed to me ten or twelve days before. I stated to him that I had not received from him to alter his account as I had it. He objected to it at first, saying that I did not understand matters. I then struck him, and requested him to read them from my account, as I made the remark that I would give $10 of some such sum, if I was not right. After he had altered his figures, and on looking it over, he said that he was right at first, and that he was sorry that I meant to cheat him. (In the mean time we had both been figuring, on separate pieces of paper, parts of the account.)

"A still following word till it came to blows.—The words 'you lie!' were passed, and several slight blows, and until I received a blow across my mouth, and one which caused my nose to bleed. I do not know that I felt like exerting myself to strong defence after I was thus struck in him next violently with my fist. We grappled with each other at the time, and I found myself shoved to the wall hand in my neck handkerchief, twisting it so that I could scarcely breathe, and at the same time pressing me hard upon the wall and table. There was a hammer upon the table which I immediately seized hold of, and struck him over the head. At this time I think his hat was nearly in my face, and his face. I should think was downwards. I do not think he saw me seize the hammer. There was nothing of the hammer and the blow was instantaneous. I think this blow knocked his hat off, but will not be positive. At the time I only remember of his releasing my neck handkerchief so tight that it seemed to me as though I had lost all power of my hands. Still I thought I was striking away with the hammer.

"Whether he attempted to get the hammer from me or not I cannot say. I do not think he received. The first sense of thought was, it seems, as though his hand or something brushed from my neck downwards. I cannot say that I had any sense or reflection till I heard a knock at the door. Yet there is a faint idea still remains that I showed him off from me, so that he fell over; but of this I cannot say. When I heard the knock on the door, I was instantly startled, and am fully conscious of going and turning the key so as to lock it. I then sat down, and was very weak and sick. After sitting a few minutes, and seeing so much blood, I think I went and looked at poor Adams, who breathed quite loud for several minutes; threw his arms out and was silent. I recollect at this time taking from his hand, which seemed relaxed, and—I found still came over me, that I should kill him. About this time some noise started me. I felt agitated or frightened, and I think I went to the door to see if I had fastened it, and took the key out and turned down the slide. I think I stood for a minute, perhaps, to hear if the affair had caused any alarm. I believe I then took a seat near the window. It was a cold damp day, and the window had been closed all day. I kept about six or eight inches at the top, which I left down when I first went to the office, and which remained down all the time I occupied it. I remained in the same seat, I should think, for at least half an hour without moving, unless it was to draw the curtains of the window close, which were within reach. My custom had been to have the curtains about one-third drawn from the side of the window towards Broadway.

The prisoner then says that the quantity of blood proceeding from the head of the murdered man, alarmed him to such an extent, lest the blood should leak through to the ceiling below, that he tied a piece of twine tightly around the neck and drew the body towards a box in the room. He then took a towel, and gathering up the blood rinsed it into a bucket partially full of water, which stood in the room. About this time a knock was heard at his door, to which, however, he paid no attention, but returning to the window sat, for some time, thinking, until dusk. Then he stole out and walked for an hour on the Park, hesitating what to do. He determined at length to call on his brother at the City Hotel and reveal every thing to him—but when he entered there his brother was engaged and he went away. Then he resolved to acquaint a magistrate, but the dread of a public trial and a fear that he might not be believed, induced him to give up the idea. He next thought of fixing the building and burning up every evidence of the deed, but he could not bring himself thus to involve others in the ruin, and proceeds to cause the loss of life. At length he returned to his room, but he was still uncertain how to act. Finally, about 9 o'clock he came to the conclusion which he afterwards effected, of sealing the body up in a box which he had in his room and shipping it to St. Louis, via New Orleans. By the time he had enclosed the body in the box it was ten o'clock. He now returned home. He says:

"I sat a light, as usual. Caroline wished to know why I came in so late. I made an excuse, saying that I was with a friend from Philadelphia. I think, and that I should get up in the morning early to go and see him off. I went to the stand and pretended to write, till she became quiet, and went to sleep. I then put out the light and undressed myself, spread my shirt &c. out to dry, and went to bed. In the morning, at about half-past five o'clock, I got up, put my shirt and handkerchief, which were not yet quite dry, into the bottom of the clothes basket under the bed. Always changed my shirt on going to bed. In the morning put on a clean shirt and handkerchief, and was nearly dressed when Caroline woke up. I said to her that it was doubtful whether I should return to breakfast. Did not return—went to the office, found it all apparently as I had left it. Went after some nails, got them at Wood's store. the store was just opening, returned to the room; nailed up the box on all sides, went down to the East River, to ascertain the first packet for New Orleans."

The rest of his confession is occupied with an account of the shipping of the box.

Had this confession been believed by the jury, Colt could not have been convicted of murder in the *first* degree. His crime would only have been that of murder in the *second* degree, or perhaps nothing more than manslaughter. But the jury *did not believe* this confession, at least those portions of it relating to the murder. They did not do this because the confession was contradicted by the testimony of Colt's mistress as to his conduct on coming home the night of the murder. This woman had sworn that Colt came home and retired *as usual*—the prisoner, in his confession, says he sat up for an hour after she had retired. There were one or two other discrepancies betwixt the confession and the testimony before the court.

This has been, in some respects, an extraordinary trial. The motive of the prisoner to commit the murder, was such a paltry sum of money, that many were, at first, inclined to believe the prisoner's statement that the act was committed in self-defence. The jury have thought otherwise and recorded their verdict accordingly. Still the matter is involved in mystery. There is still a doubt that the prisoner may have told the truth on this awful subject; although, so far as human reason can judge, his statement is not to be credited. It is an old, and we believe a wise maxim of the law, that when a prisoner's confession is contradicted in one point, he is not to be entitled to belief on any other point.

The excitement in New York during the progress of the trial was almost unprecedented. No criminal has been tried there for many years whose case has excited such general interest.

Box in Boston.

The arrival of this distinguished visitor in our country, has been hailed with a burst of enthusiasm, which is, we fear, in danger of becoming extravagant. Before he had been twenty hours in Boston, innumerable calls had been made on him, and the news of his arrival, spreading through the country, was the signal for every village genius to deposit himself in a rail-road car for Boston, in order to see the great lion of the day, and perhaps act as one of a Committee to invite him to a public dinner. Not a train reached Boston for a week, that did not contain a dozen or two of these Committees, headed by portly consequential gentlemen, to invite the distinguished visitor to eat mock turtle soup and drink foul wine with a set of plethoric, thick-headed ignoramuses in a two-story tavern, placed at the junction of some country cross-roads. So we go. Box is a fine fellow as well as a genius, but he is in danger of being bored to death. We agree with the humorous writer of the following

ADDRESS TO BOZ.

They'll tope thee, Boz, they'll soap thee, Boz—
Already they begin!
They'll dine thee, Boz, they'll wine thee, Boz.
They'll stuff thee to the chin!
They'll smother thee with verbals, Boz,
With flams, and fudge, and chaises!
Our authorlings will bore thee, Boz,
And bid thee "Consin Dickens!"
While ladies,—spite thy better half,—
Blue, yellow, foul, and fair,
Will cram thee for the autograph,
And likewise lock of hair!

Beware Boz! take care Boz!
Of forming false conclusions,
Because a certain sort of folk
Do hunt after illusions;
For they are not the people, Boz,
These templars of the cork,
No more than a scratch asquale, Boz,
Is Boston or New York!

We do hope that these insane persecutions will soon stop. If things continue thus, there will not be a bit of wealth in this land. The facts elicited at the commitment we published some time since, and the testimony on the trial was exactly similar. The murder of Adams was proved by the neighbor of Colt, who heard the scuffle—by the discovery of the box containing the remains of the murdered man—and lastly by the confession of the prisoner produced on his trial. This confession, however, denied that the murder was intentional, attributing it to an accidental blow in a scuffle. Colt said in this document:

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Late from Texas.

Galveston dates to the 12th that have been received at New Orleans. By the Galveston Advertiser we learn that the French frigate Pallone had just arrived, bringing dates to the 8th ult. from Tampico, and the 24th December from Vera Cruz. Com. Dumanoir brought intelligence that the prisoners taken in the Santa Fe expedition had arrived at Mexico, and were well treated, and that the statements of the cruelties practiced on them by the way were untrue. Charges would be preferred against them at Mexico, and they would then undergo a trial. A great excitement existed in Texas in regard to this capture.

Two Mexican steamers of war, mounting Paixhan guns, and built in England at an expense of $240,000 were daily expected at Vera Cruz, fully manned and equipped, and were forthwith on their arrival destined to blockade the port of Galveston. An army of 50,000 men was also being raised, of which 30,000 were to cooperate with the navy in the conquest of Texas.

As the Salinas left the port of Vera Cruz, she fell in with two armed brigs and one schooner, on their way to blockade that port—supposed to be a part of the Yucatan and Texas navy. There are two other French ships of war and one schooner cruising off the coast. It is however, expected that the difficulties with France will be amicably arranged.

The Tariff Bill had passed the Senate, and, it was presumed, would pass the House and become a law without any material alteration. The law goes into operation on the 15th of February. It fixes the imported duties at an average of about 15 per cent. and requires the payment in gold or silver, or such other liabilities as the Government may hereafter name. The Senate has likewise passed a bill for the collection of direct taxes in the present liabilities of the government, hereby creating an issue of Treasury notes. Another bill has passed the same body authorizing a new issue of Government money to be called "Exchequer Bills," to the amount of $150,000, which bills are to be paid out for the support of the government for 1842, and are to be received for Custom House dues as gold and silver.

The bill to establish a penitentiary had passed both houses by large majorities.

Major James Biles, formerly member of Congress from Harris County, has been appointed Minister to the United States. Lemuel H. Wilson is the new postmaster of Galveston. The salary of the Galveston Collector had been fixed at $1200 per month.

The Senate was notified on the 29th ult. by a Committee of the House of Representatives, that by a resolution of the House, articles of impeachment would be preferred against John W. Hatsfield, Judge of the 4th Judicial District. The principal charge preferred against him is habitual intoxication.

Fatal Mistake.

A short time since, a Mr. Davison of Bennington, Vt., while busily engaged at labor on his barn, was somewhat annoyed by a neighbor's cows; and after driving and beating her from the barn, until his patience was exhausted, he resolved on some more efficient mode to rid himself of his tormentor. He accordingly secreted himself on one side of the door with a pitchfork in his hand. At this moment a boy living with Mr. Davison appeared in the door with a horse which he had led to water, and Mr. D. mistaking him for the cow, plunged it into his face, one tine entering his nose, which caused his death in two days after.

The British Steam Packets.

The establishment of British steam packets embracing the West Indies, the Gulf of Mexico, &c., is one of the most important commercial movements of the day. There will be a steam packet twice a month from Havana to Halifax, calling and delivering letters at Savannah, Charleston and New York; and so arranged as to meet the Cunard line from Boston to Halifax, and returning to Havana, will convey letters to all ports of the West Indies, South America, &c.

Army Statistics.

The Adjutant General of the U. S. has issued a report from his office by which we learn the number of recruits enlisted in the Army from the 1st October, 1840, to 30th September 1841, inclusive. They were as follows:

For the General service.		
New Hampshire	20	
Massachusetts	93	
Rhode Island	45	
Connecticut	64	
New York	1,179	
New Jersey	5	
Pennsylvania	292	
Maryland	234	
Virginia	45	
Georgia	1	
Kentucky	231	
Missouri	85	
Louisiana	55	
Florida	2	
Total	2,352	
For Dragoons.		
Massachusetts	58	
New York	264	
Pennsylvania	81	
Maryland,	56	459
By Regiments		
For Dragoons	181	
For Artillery	776	
For Infantry	1,126	
By Detachments	34	2,117
Total enlisted		4,922

1,289 recruits are wanted to fill up the complement of the service.

The amount of recruiting funds advanced to officers of the army during the above period, was $52,868 90, of which $46,319

...blications.

...NTLEMEN'S MAGAZINE.—
...Hober has made quite an ef-
...r. In addition to such names
...d contributions, we have some
...riginal engravings that ever

...CONTRIBUTORS.
Edgar A. Poe,
Dr. Reynell Coates,
Park Benjamin,
H. W. Herbert,
J. R. Lowell,
John Tomlin,
G. G. Foster,
A. A. Irvine,
George R. Graham.

...and therefore append the fol-
...from contemporaries, at a di...

...ws.—Among the American,
...ich we are proud, Graham's
...ine rank, both in point of lit-
...ment. There certainly can be
...lisher at his present extremely
...; but what is his loss, will to
...ands of subscribers."—*Boston*

...E.—This splendid work has
...tainly excels any thing of the
...en. The mechanical execution
...e Union, and its contents are
...nsuing. It has several of the
...st ever embellished any perio-
...deserved the patronage of the
...o the one."—*Herald, Quincy.*

...—*February.*—Old Knick has
...this month, besides the cont-
...respondence, and other articles
...table by The Country Doctor.
...however, admitted his error, in
...hander with copying Lo Lahtte
...stance.' A long correspond-
...ew York Express a few weeks
...professor on so grave a charge
...er which brought the a cusation
...refutation. In this ungenuous'
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...plied monthly to its readers is
...ventures of the Knickerbocker.
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...k work. The letter gentleman
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...dical Review, Littell's Museum,
...ly, Southern Literary Messenger,
...gazine, Lady's Book, and Gra-
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...*February*, 1842.—This spicy
...come to our table, and the present
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...mbodies the right sort of mate-
...hor might be taught a lesson in
... Puffer Hopkins is continued
...t" is good in matter, but we ex-
...ords in this article alone. Indeed
...dous to bring against Arcturus.
...accompanies the letter-press is
...d beauty, he murders the King's
...sheet. Either he has never read
...language, or else his affectation
...ent.
...fellow is just, but the writer's
...too confined. The sketch of
...gentleman, and the astaride entitled
...are worthy of reading. There
...d Northone, although Hudson's
...l. We notice a short article on
... Arcturus is an excellent fellow,
...et odd in one or two respects.
...mouth is a portrait of Bon. *Dres-*

...LIBRARY.—*February*, 1842.—
...number of this elegant musical
...is no less than twelve pieces of
... which we notice an exquisite
...P. Manna, Esq., of New York;
...C. Horn, "La Sonolenska," "The
...and "The Trumpet Waltz." are
...while original pieces are given by
...adelph and other eminent com-
...ssurely a great age, and in nothing
...to its publications. We are
...e people in intelligence and se-
...s advance in the public mind is
...publications like this. Wis-
...themselves with a selection of
...the sum of three dollars a year
...e means of excelling in that le-

...ons, *for February*, is rich w
...nary matter. The engravings
...mber. The one called "Hide
...ottie. The lithographed fashion
...ages. The contents are unusually
...S. C. Hall is one of the best
...truthful writer. Mr. Wilke
...its predecessor in the January
...tion of Watson Harvey, by Mor-
...comparison with the best of his
...of Fashion, by Mrs. Van Hou
...s but a tolerable story; and of "Mr
...ne" we need say nothing, exce
...ves it for themselves, if they will
...The poetical contributions are
...ment. Altogether, this is a fine
...Godey are distancing all other

...SAT AND HIS TIMES.—Edited
...ns.—By *T. Campbell, Esq.*—
...his is an entertaining work on the
...of the greatest monarchs of the
...brick the Great, Prussia in indeb-
...esent prosperity and glory. As
...e had, in his day, no rival—as
...ed at one time as the friend of
...as an interesting epoch in Euro-
...deserve of appreciating the cha-
...aborick, or understanding the cur-
...Prussia, should peruse these vo-

...h, praise the typography, or bind

...ONAL—*Feb. 1842.*—This excel-
...t is under the editorial care of the
...whose genius is a guarantee for
...ork. His correspondents present
...ndent. Whatever appears in the
...production of no common mind
...r of this periodical is a fine at-
...of Christianity, by the Rev. Ar
...ed paper also on Montgomery the
...each writers as Mrs. Sigourney,
... Lesie Lond.

...—No. 3.—*Burns & Co.*—The
...mber of this popular magazine
...have, for instance, "Meet me
... Star in Heaven," "Come and
..."A Railroad Waltz." Either of
...g, at the music stores, the price
...furnished, in an equally neat and
...ical Miscellany. This period-
...ensive circulation, when we con-
...e sold for the low price of twelve

...S HUSBAND; THE WOMAN OF A
...*Edited by Mrs. Gore.*—2 vols.—
...ere are two tales which we pro-
... the fact that they have been
...*the improvisator* or *Mrs. Gore*,
...well established reputations. We
...to peruse these volumes, but we
...them on the authority of Mrs.

...*by Mrs. Ellis*—*part 3*—*Lea &*
...spoken herodotism of this publica-
...ul eulogy. The present number
...ntitled "The Favorite Child."
...Lea & Blanchard are about to
...the same author, a work enti-
...Estate, their position in society,
...tions."

...*Leaves*—No. 1—*Carey & Hart.*
...the humorous author of Roby
...ith a new work which he
...nonic of Hardy Andy, and a
...e to be found even among
...ues. Carey & Hart design pub-
...bers, with appropriate illustra-

...—*D. Appleton & Co., New*
...*hael, Philadelphia.*—We have
...numerous work. Here is a splen-
...press of the Appletons. The
...mirthful. It can be had at

Exciting Debate.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

FEBRUARY 2nd 1842.

You can form no idea of the excitement which has reigned here for more than a week, growing out of the debate on the resolution to refer Mr. Adams's memorial for the presentation of a petition to measures for union. Never perhaps has Washington witnessed so much excitement. The debate is here participated in by members from every section of the union, while crowds have flocked breathlessly to the various speak-rs. I will endeavor to give your readers an account of these deeply interesting affair.

The 3 rules originated in the presentation on Monday week by Mr. Adams of a petition from some individuals in Massachusetts to dissolve the union. On presenting this petition Mr. Adams moved its reference to a select committee, with instructions to report forthwith why the prayers of the petitioners should not be granted.

A more out of order request certainly cannot be. Let me, however, that the petitioners or Mr. Adams have been ably reported in the Pennsylvania Gazette. I shall refer your readers to the congressional proceedings of that day.

On the morning after the House was crowded at an early hour. After some preliminary business had been transacted, Mr. Marshall of Kentucky, now and stated that he had a substitute to offer for Mr. Adams's resolution, and he hoped it would be accepted as such by that gentleman. He read his substitute, as follows:

Whereas the Federal Constitution is a permanent form of government of a general character, until altered or modified in the mode pointed out in that instrument, and the members of the House do solemnly declare adhere character and powers from the same, are sworn to support it, and the dissolution of the Union necessarily implies the destruction of that instrument, the overthrow of the whole fabric, and the extinction of the most national existence: A proposition, therefore to the Representatives of the people to consider the separate law framed by their constituents and to support which they are commanded by those constituents to swear, before they can enter upon the execution of the political powers created by it, and entrust to him so to such be such of privileges, a contempt off red to him House, a direct proposition to the Legislature and each member of it to violate their oaths, and therefore, necessarily in all execution and consequences, the destruction of our constitution and the union.

Resolved therefore, That the Hon. John Q. Adams a member from Massachusetts to present to this House a petition from the House of Representatives of the United States a petition praying the dissolution of the Union, has offered the disposition of the House of which he is a member, an insult to the people of the United States, of which that House is th. Legislature and to all of this country to be permitted to pass unnoticed, have disgraced his country through their Representative in the eyes of the whole world.

Resolved, further, That the aforesaid John Q. Adams for this insult, the first of the kind ever offered to the Government, and for the manner which he has permitted to be aimed, through his instrumentality, at the Constitution and existence of the country, the power the security and liberty of the people of these States ought well be held to merit expulsion from the national councils and that House of which he is an unworthy member, at when they only inflict upon him their severest censure for conduct so utterly at variance with their relations to the States and his present position. That they hereby declare the maintenance of those relations and that position inconsistent with copying Lo Lahtte and the incitement of all true Americans.

Mr. Adams replied and was followed by one or two other gentlemen.

Mr. Wise now rose and spoke at considerable length. In consequence of the pressure of the English dispatch plan of operation for the preparation, circumnavigation, signing and presentation of a great variety of different forms of congress, I shall not be able to give more than a brief outline of his remarks on the existence and maintenance of slavery in the United States. The distinguished gentleman commenced by saying that he had no idea of indulging at the time of considerable and debating them to be further or And if the Union was to be broken up, he was determined to be found in the Union, and to stand by the constitution with the Union. He had risked his life in defence of the Union, and he was ready to do it again. He was opposed to the petition of Mr. Adams, and to the whole of the proceedings which had been had upon it

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Fun in the Alabamian Legislature.

On Christmas morning, Dec. 25th, the two Houses of the Alabama Legislature met, but found it impossible to do any thing, on account of the spirit of fun, disorder and uproar which prevailed. All sorts of caricatures were cut up, and the hammer of the Speaker set utterly at defiance. Mr CLEMENS, a return Member of the House, moved the following resolution:

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Alabama in General Assembly convened: That the two Houses assemble in the Hall of the House of Representatives, at 11 o'clock this day, for the purpose of singing the following

Joint Song.

Now Christmas comes, and merry
Let every bosom be;
Lay down thy mallet TERRY,
And let the Senate free;
This is no time for spouting,
Make no resolves to-day,
The room is proof to shouting
The merry rounding.

The Senators are dozing—
The thing is quite evident:—
They all feel like reposing—
Some are at least half bent.
Let PRITCHARD and the MAJOR
Have holiday, I pray,
And I will lay a wager,
They are sober half the day.

For where's the use of brawling
To day, about the Law?
Some members are thrown sprawling
And some are in the straw.
Fresh bowls they say are foaming,
More eggs are coming in,
Another Boat is coming,
With Oysters and with Gin.

The Speaker (Mr RICE in the chair) decided the resolution out of order, soon after which the House adjourned to Monday.

Mr. CLEMENS informed us that the Song was prepared by Mr SMITH, one of the Representatives from TUSCALOOSA.

WIT.—Combe in his "Phrenology," discusses handsomely the peculiar characteristics of genuine wit, and insists that there may be much excellent wit, without producing laughter. In proof, he cites, the following instance. A Nottinghamshire publican, cognomened *Little John*, put over his door a figure of *Robin Hood*, with these lines below it:

"All ye that reiash nin that's good,
Come in and drink with *Robin Hood*,
If *Robin Hood* is not at home,
Come in and drink with *Samuel Johnson*."

Now, where is the wit?—yet who can resist the most intense laughter?

EX.—A bar-room lawyer lately managed to corner himself in among a crowd of gay fellows, one of whom was standing treat. The gentleman treating, however, though rough, was by no means so raw as the sponger expected.

"Your name, now, I think is—hay?" said the gentleman to the lounger.

"Yes, sir, you know," replied the loafer—"you remember me—Spencer."

"Ah, yes; your name is Spencer."

"Spencer, sir."

"Well, I don't know you, sir, and I wouldn't know you, sir; and allow me to tell you, sir, that just now you are an ex-Spencer, sir."

A SIMPLE MACHINE.—A gentleman remarkable for having a great deal of business, recently called one morning on a lawyer, who asked what news?

"Why," says the other, "I don't know; my head is confoundedly out of order this morning."

"What! an extraordinary news, indeed," said the lawyer.

"No, sir," says he, "I do not say that; but for so *simple a machine to be out of order* is extraordinary indeed!"

QUERIES.—When is a pig like a paragraph? When he is penned. Query, will the eating of shell fish decrease the Mussel?—don't give us a crab-bed question. When fishermen sing, which part do they prefer? They take the *Bass*. Why do fishermen drive a profitable business? Because their *nett* gain is equal to their gross receipts. Sam came up from the river with a fish pole on his shoulder. Hallo, says Jo, what have you caught? Nothing, says Sam. "Yes you have," says Jo, "you have brought home a perch." A perch, says he? "Yes, you have a rod, and isn't a rod a perch?" "Give it up."

The Betrothed.

Had I met thee in the beauty
When thy heart and hand were free,
When no other claim'd the duty
Which my soul would yield to thee:
Had I wooed thee—had I won thee—
Oh! how blest had been my fate
But thy sweetness hath undone me—
I have found thee—but too late!

For to one my vows were plighted
When a faltering lip and pale
Hands our cruel sires united—
Hearts were deemed of slight avail!
Thus my youth's bright morn o'erclouded,
Thus betrothed to wealth and state,
Ah! Love's own sweet interest fadeth—
I have found thee—but too late!

Like the fawn that flieth the fountain
With the arrow in his breast,
Or like light upon the mountain
Where the snow must ever rest,
Thus hast known me—hast met thee—
For I feel what ills await
Oh! 'tis madness to leave meet thee—
To have found thee—but too late!

EATING A FRENCHMAN.—The following very curious announcement appears in the Louisville City Gazette:

"Charles Dubois was acquitted of the charge, noticed in this paper some time since, of eating up a Frenchman, it being clearly shown that he entertained no malice, and was not the aggressor. Prenez garde, Crapeau!"

That is about the most singular charge we ever heard of. And it seems, too, that he was acquitted because he performed the deed in utmost malice—merely because he was hungry, perhaps.

HUSBANDS.—Miss Lucretia Elder, "and a comical fellow to an old 'young maid,' have you heard of the recent act of parliament by which all ladies with small mouths are to be provided with husbands?" "Indeed! no," replied the lady, opening up her mouth with a pucker. "It is a fact, however," continued the wag, "and another clause of the act provides that all those who have large mouths shall have two husbands each." "O my!" ejaculated the lady, opening her mouth as big as a pocket," what a wonderful curious law."

ANECDOTE OF DR. HUNN.—The Doctor was sent for at one time to attend an unfortunate thief, who, in helping himself from a neighbor's woodpile, had been trapped up in a line attached to a spring gun. Much gun shyness was the consequence, and the prisoner's case was easily. "It was a very remarkable case," said the doctor, "and I think the only one on record of a man's coming so near losing his life by a *trap to the springes*."

HOW TO EDUCATE.— Are you not going to educate your children?" it was asked of an old German farmer the other morning. "No, my oldest son learnt to write and he forged my name.

The reasoning of the farmer was just, if learning be the whole of education.

A DOWN EAST SAILOR.—A Yankee captain once sung out in a squall, to a raw hand newly shipped on board his craft—

"Let go the jib there! Darn your skin, let go that jib!"

"I aint a foreigner!" squalled out the simple down Easter in return.

A TRUE NOBLEMAN.—Amateur, the ninth count of Savoy, being once asked where he kept his hounds, pointed to a great number of poor people, who were seated at tables eating and drinking, and replied, "these are my hounds, with whom I go in chase of heaven!" He was surnamed "The Happy."

SAVED HIS BACON.—A woman, in a town not far from Portsmouth, N. H. who had been ill-used by her husband, on finding him enjoying the comforts of a second sleep, quietly armed him up in the bed clothes, and while he was in that defenceless situation, gave him a *second thrashing*.

GETTING A LIVING.—"Jim," said Abner Phelps the other day to his son—"how you are lazy, what on earth do you suppose you will do for a living?"

—Why father, I've been thinking as how, I would be a Revolutionary Pensioner!"

ACTION BEFORE WORDS.—"I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon who had slept all sermon time, to a brother deacon. "Did not like a brother? Why I *saw you nodding assent* to every proposition he made."

MONOMANIA.—"Tom, wot's monomany?" "Why, you see, Dick, when a poor feller, it's called larceny; but when it's a rich un, the jury say it's monomany, and they can't help it, that's it!"

A SERIOUS MATTER.—"This is too serious a matter to make light of," as the whale regarded to the man that was digging the oil out of his head.

From Blackwood's Magazine for January.

The Spy.

OR, EL MUDO DE SANTA DOMINGO.

The perils incurred by a spy in watching the movements and entering the camp of a foreign enemy are far from equalling the dangers of similar occupations during a civil war. To the risk of detection by some former acquaintance or friend, must be added the difficulty of deceiving men of the same country and habits speaking the same language, and prepared to seize on the smallest incongruity of speech or action as a motive for suspicion. Yet individuals are always to be found who, for gold, and now and then from motives of enthusiasm for their cause, will run all risks, and put themselves in positions of imminent peril, in order to obtain or convey information. During the wild war between Carlists and Christinos, innumerable strange incidents occurred, arising out of the great extent to which the system of espionage was carried by both parties. In this the partisans of Don Carlos had the advantage, at least in the Basque provinces; for there the peasants, devoted to the cause of the Pretender, gratuitously acted as spies, or conveyed despatches across districts held by the enemy. A man would set out at the sunset run which those light-footed mountaineers will keep up nearly as long as a dweller in the plain could walk, when fatigued, he would hand over his despatch, or perhaps verbal message, to the first intelligent and active peasant he met, and thus from one hand to another till the mission was accomplished. Curious instances of ingenuity were resorted to in order to conceal a letter, in case of the messenger being met by the enemy. Like the old man, condemned by Sancho Panza, who had hidden his neighbor's money in a hollow staff, despatches were sometimes placed in sticks prepared for the purpose; but this was a stale device, and often detected. A fragment of bread in the pocket of a peasant's jacket could scarcely excite suspicion, yet in this bread was often baked a slip of paper, which, if found, would have cost the bearer his life. A picket of Christino cavalry was patrolling a road in Navarre, and, as dusk came on, stopped a peasant. After many questions, to which that man replied satisfactorily, his person underwent a rigid search. Half-a-dozen dollars were in the worsted sash round his waist, and taking them in his hand, he humbly offered them to the subaltern commanding the party. "*No somos ladrones*," was the angry reply. "We are not robbers; keep your money." The man pursued his journey; and three hours afterwards placed a small thin paper, closely written over, in the hands of a Carlist general. It had been concealed in one of the coins refused by the Christino officer.

The persons who acted as spies were usually, but not always, peasants or muleteers. Soldiers who had deserted to the enemy, expressing themselves disgusted with the party they had left, would sometimes, after a few days' or weeks' delay with their new friends, return to their former colors, taking with them all the information they had been able to collect. Not unfrequently a column on the line of march was joined by a miserable beggar-woman, perhaps with a child in her arms, who would keep up with the troops for a few hours, alternately chatting with the soldiers, and listening to their conversation amongst themselves. At the passage of some watercourse or ravine, she would leave them, without any one remarking when or where she had gone; and even when they found that the foe they were marching to attack had disappeared, or when they themselves were surprised in the same night's bivouac, scarcely a man thought of attributing their discomfiture to intelligence conveyed to the enemy by the ragged companion of their morning's march.

Towards the latter part of the year 183–, and on a fine autumnal morning, a scene of some dramatic interest was enacting in a field about half musket shot from a branch road of the northern Arlaban. Several companies of infantry, and some cavalry, were drawn up, their Basque *berets*, worn by officers as well as men, and some other peculiarities of costume, marking them as Carlist troops. At a score of paces in front of the line, a mounted officer, whose richly embroidered cuffs showed him to be of high rank, was conversing with others of inferior grade. A short distance from the group, and in charge of a guard, stood a young man in the uniform of a cavalry officer; and rather more in the background were assembled several women, and persons in citizen and peasant dress.

"Valentin Rojas!" cried the general.

The guard surrounding the prisoner opened the files, and the young officer, advancing to within a few paces of the chief in command, there halted, and respectfully saluted.

"Valentin Rojas! you have been guilty of gross neglect of duty in allowing your packet to be surprised last night from want of proper vigilance. The criminal court-martial has condemned you to death, but not without a recommendation to mercy, founded on your well-proved courage on the battle-field of Arlaban. Neither do I forget the services of your gallant father, slain at the side of the immortal Zumalacarreguy. Your fault, however, must be expiated; and if I extend to you the mercy which by his MAJESTY'S commission, I am empowered to do, it will be on one condition."

And beckoning the prisoner to draw nearer, he leaned over his saddle-bow, and spoke a few words in a low tone of voice.

A strong expression of disgust came over the handsome countenance of the young soldier.

"Your Excellency alluded to my father and his glorious death. I should be ill-using little honor in his memory in taking my life on the terms you propose."

"There is no disgrace in serving the King, in whatever way it may be," said the general sternly. "Take your choice, however; that, or *cuatro cuerdas*."

"The latter, then," replied the young man doggedly.

"Order out the firing party," said the general, in a vexed and hurried tone, to one of his aides-de-camp.

A piercing shriek was heard from some women amongst the by-standers, and a young and beautiful girl, her hair hanging loose upon her shoulders, broke away from the group, and rushing to the prisoner, and tucking up to the prisoner, fell fainting into his arms.

"*Tigresa es tiempo*," said the general, turning to Rojas. "Pour Dolores!" added he, casting a look of compassion on the inanimate form that the young man was sustaining.

Rojas was deadly pale, and the muscles of his countenance were working violently; but his good intentions to the lovely creature of whom the women had now taken charge, and were trying every means to restore to consciousness. At this moment she half opened her eyes and in a faint voice uttered the words "*Valentin*."

"*Libre!*" gasped the prisoner.

Ten minutes afterwards the troops were in their quarters, and Rojas was closeted with the general commanding the Carlist forces on the line of Vitoria.

The convent of Santa Domingo at Vittoria stands a few yards within the Bilbao gate of that city, has of late years, like most edifices of the class in the north of Spain, been converted into barracks for troops. It was during the hottest part of the Carlist war, that on an October evening, the massive portico of the principal entrance to the convent was lit up by a large fire, which partly illuminated also the broad and somber corridor leading from the interior of the building, and caused the shine and damp which hung upon the walls to glisten in the flickering blaze. The usual bustle and noise which mark the dependents of the men on guard, a number of the Queen's soldiers were grouped round the fire, waiting the usual signal to retire to their straw mattresses, and meanwhile employing their leisure in singing, chatting, and laughing so as to create a most Babel-like din. It was during a momentary lull that a small gap in the ranks was filled up by the addition of a new comrade, and while he was lighting his cigar at the nearest brand, and, with the exception of an occasional reconnaissance or foraging party, active military operations were likely to be for some time suspended. One night, however, an order came down for the troops quartered in the St. Domingo convent to hold themselves in readiness to march early the following morning; and it was rumored that some convoy or post of the enemy was to be surprised. Soon afterwards several officers came down to the barracks, and, having ascertained that all was in readiness for the march, stopped for a moment to light their cigars at the guard fire.

"We shall have a better blaze than this to warm ourselves by ere twelve hours are past," said a young lieutenant, stamping his feet as he spoke, to get more warmth than he could obtain from the smoky green wood.

"By the bye," cried another, "how far is it to this powder mill? I do not remember seeing it in any of our sorties or foraging parties."

"It is off the high road, but not more than five or six leagues distant from Vittoria. The roads are good, thanks to the frost; and if we start early, we may get there, blow up the place, and be back to our *puchero* by an hour after noon."

"Hush!" said an old captain with a thick grizzled mustache, "you know not who may be within hearing. Just beyond the gates are sharp fellows enough, they say there are Carlists in Vittoria who communicate with the enemy by lights and other signals."

"Pshaw!" cried the young officer who had first spoken; "*nos son entre cautious, mi capitan*. There is no one near but the men on guard and that wretched dumb idiot."

"Walls have sometimes ears," replied the captain. "At any rate, all our secret expeditions for the last month or two have been failures. Either our spies do not earn their money, or there is treachery within the walls. But it is growing late, so *buenas noches, señores*."

"*Buenas noches! buenas noches!*" and the officers walked away in the direction of their respective billets.

Scarcely had the sound of their footsteps become inaudible, when a head was slowly raised from among the mass of confused forms that were lying huddled about the fire, and the black eyes of the speaker peered keenly around from under the bush of tangled hair that overshadowed them. The sentry had his back turned, and was leaning on his musket, doubtless waiting with impatience to be relieved from his wearisome duty, rendered doubly disagreeable by the coldness of the night. With noiseless step the *mudo* crept along in the shadow of the convent wall, and in the direction of the ramparts, which at that time were in a most dilapidated condition. The darkness enabled him to pass within a short distance of more than one sentinel, and to arrive unobserved at a place where the slight earthen wall, broken and crumbling, offered an easy egress from the town. The *mudo* crept lightly into the shallow moat, and scrambling up the opposite side, disappeared in the obscurity.

A week had passed, and the siege of Vittoria, conducted with that languid spirit so common in a civil war, continued as before. The soldiers amused themselves with the smooth gentlemen, and by endeavoring to tell no lies to each other, and at length, because no actual need for it presented itself, began to forget in their idleness the requirements of courage, a most inestimable article indeed, always ready with a leap for the ignorant, and a growl for the learned. Provisions were plentiful in the city, and the garrison, having received a large draft from a number lull in a recent skirmish.

But the *mudo* did not confide his wants to the convent, although he appeared to make it his headquarters. During the day he would roam from one haunt to another, affording amusement to the soldiers, ever disposed to be diverted by the smallest incident which broke the monotony of their life; and at length El Mudo de Santa Domingo became as well known to the garrison, as the governor of the town himself.

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*There is still time.

*It is he.

The Christino officer smiled bitterly.

"Then I have been betrayed," said he. "Rojas, you have done your work well. Your reward will be found in the Queen's troops from the windows of the neighboring buildings, and a body of admirable mounted lancers, ready to charge the flying infantry officers in the service of their Carlos, emerged from an opening in the wood, where they had lain *perdus*, charged the troop of hussars stationed in the rear of the houses, and drove them in confusion on the main body, which was now quite at the surprise yielding their ground slowly, and making good use of their sabres and carabines.

The Christino colonel, to whose overconfidence and negligence in not having sufficiently reconnoitered the ground, it was owing that he and his troops were now in so perilous a position, showed, however, infinite coolness and presence of mind. Aware that the only chance of safety was either in cutting his way through the enemy's cavalry, or gaining the mountain, he formed his infantry into squares, and, with the steadiness of veterans, retired in the direction of the latter, keeping up a fire of musketry which effectually checked the advance of the Carlist horse. Step by step, and inch by inch, the Christinos fought their way, and, after receiving a considerable loss, succeeded in gaining the mountain, and in reaching the pass of Salinas, where they were safe from pursuit.

Rojas was dismissed the service, and returned to his native province, perhaps with a child in his arms, who would keep up with the troops for a few hours, alternately chatting with the soldiers, and listening to their conversation amongst themselves. At the passage of some watercourse or ravine, she would leave them, without any one remarking when or where she had gone; and even when they found that the foe they were marching to attack had disappeared, or when they themselves were surprised in the same night's bivouac, scarcely a man thought of attributing their discomfiture to intelligence conveyed to the enemy by the ragged companion of their morning's march.

Towards the latter part of the year 183–, and on a fine autumnal morning, a scene of some dramatic interest was enacting in a field about half musket shot from a branch road of the northern Arlaban. Several companies of infantry, and some cavalry, were drawn up, their Basque *berets*, worn by officers as well as men, and some other peculiarities of costume, marking them as Carlist troops. At a score of paces in front of the line, a mounted officer, whose richly embroidered cuffs showed him to be of high rank, was conversing with others of inferior grade. A short distance from the group, and in charge of a guard, stood a young man in the uniform of a cavalry officer; and rather more in the background were assembled several women, and persons in citizen and peasant dress.

"Valentin Rojas!" cried the general.

The guard surrounding the prisoner opened the files, and the young officer, advancing to within a few paces of the chief in command, there halted, and respectfully saluted.

"Valentin Rojas! you have been guilty of gross neglect of duty in allowing your packet to be surprised last night from want of proper vigilance. The criminal court-martial has condemned you to death, but not without a recommendation to mercy, founded on your well-proved courage on the battle-field of Arlaban. Neither do I forget the services of your gallant father, slain at the side of the immortal Zumalacarreguy. Your fault, however, must be expiated; and if I extend to you the mercy which, by his MAJESTY'S commission, I am empowered to do, it will be on one condition."

And beckoning the prisoner to draw nearer, he leaned over his saddle-bow, and spoke a few words in a low tone of voice.

A strong expression of disgust came over the handsome countenance of the young soldier.

"Your Excellency alluded to my father and his glorious death. I should be ill-using little honor in his memory in taking my life on the terms you propose."

"There is no disgrace in serving the King, in whatever way it may be," said the general sternly. "Take your choice, however; that, or *cuatro cuerdas*."

"The latter, then," replied the young man doggedly.

"Order out the firing party," said the general, in a vexed and hurried tone, to one of his aides-de-camp.

A piercing shriek was heard from some women amongst the by-standers, and a young and beautiful girl, her hair hanging loose upon her shoulders, broke away from the group, and rushing to the prisoner, and tucking up to the prisoner, fell fainting into his arms.

"*Tigresa es tiempo*," said the general, turning to Rojas. "Pour Dolores!" added he, casting a look of compassion on the inanimate form that the young man was sustaining.

Rojas was deadly pale, and the muscles of his countenance were working violently; but his good intentions to the lovely creature of whom the women had now taken charge, and were trying every means to restore to consciousness. At this moment she half opened her eyes and in a faint voice uttered the words "*Valentin*."

"*Libre!*" gasped the prisoner.

Ten minutes afterwards the troops were in their quarters, and Rojas was closeted with the general commanding the Carlist forces on the line of Vitoria.

The convent of Santa Domingo at Vittoria stands a few yards within the Bilbao gate of that city, has of late years, like most edifices of the class in the north of Spain, been converted into barracks for troops. It was during the hottest part of the Carlist war, that on an October evening, the massive portico of the principal entrance to the convent was lit up by a large fire, which partly illuminated also the broad and somber corridor leading from the interior of the building, and caused the shine and damp which hung upon the walls to glisten in the flickering blaze. The usual bustle and noise which mark the dependents of the men on guard, a number of the Queen's soldiers were grouped round the fire, waiting the usual signal to retire to their straw mattresses, and meanwhile employing their leisure in singing, chatting, and laughing so as to create a most Babel-like din. It was during a momentary lull that a small gap in the ranks was filled up by the addition of a new comrade, and while he was lighting his cigar at the nearest brand, and, with the exception of an occasional reconnaissance or foraging party, active military operations were likely to be for some time suspended. One night, however, an order came down for the troops quartered in the St. Domingo convent to hold themselves in readiness to march early the following morning; and it was rumored that some convoy or post of the enemy was to be surprised. Soon afterwards several officers came down to the barracks, and, having ascertained that all was in readiness for the march, stopped for a moment to light their cigars at the guard fire.

"We shall have a better blaze than this to warm ourselves by ere twelve hours are past," said a young lieutenant, stamping his feet as he spoke, to get more warmth than he could obtain from the smoky green wood.

"By the bye," cried another, "how far is it to this powder mill? I do not remember seeing it in any of our sorties or foraging parties."

"It is off the high road, but not more than five or six leagues distant from Vittoria. The roads are good, thanks to the frost; and if we start early, we may get there, blow up the place, and be back to our *puchero* by an hour after noon."

"Hush!" said an old captain with a thick grizzled mustache, "you know not who may be within hearing. Just beyond the gates are sharp fellows enough, they say there are Carlists in Vittoria who communicate with the enemy by lights and other signals."

"Pshaw!" cried the young officer who had first spoken; "*nos son entre cautious, mi capitan*. There is no one near but the men on guard and that wretched dumb idiot."

"Walls have sometimes ears," replied the captain. "At any rate, all our secret expeditions for the last month or two have been failures. Either our spies do not earn their money, or there is treachery within the walls. But it is growing late, so *buenas noches, señores*."

"*Buenas noches! buenas noches!*" and the officers walked away in the direction of their respective billets.

Scarcely had the sound of their footsteps become inaudible, when a head was slowly raised from among the mass of confused forms that were lying huddled about the fire, and the black eyes of the speaker peered keenly around from under the bush of tangled hair that overshadowed them. The sentry had his back turned, and was leaning on his musket, doubtless waiting with impatience to be relieved from his wearisome duty, rendered doubly disagreeable by the coldness of the night. With noiseless step the *mudo* crept along in the shadow of the convent wall, and in the direction of the ramparts, which at that time were in a most dilapidated condition. The darkness enabled him to pass within a short distance of more than one sentinel, and to arrive unobserved at a place where the slight earthen wall, broken and crumbling, offered an easy egress from the town. The *mudo* crept lightly into the shallow moat, and scrambling up the opposite side, disappeared in the obscurity.

A week had passed, and the siege of Vittoria, conducted with that languid spirit so common in a civil war, continued as before. The soldiers amused themselves with the smooth gentlemen, and by endeavoring to tell no lies to each other, and at length, because no actual need for it presented itself, began to forget in their idleness the requirements of courage, a most inestimable article indeed, always ready with a leap for the ignorant, and a growl for the learned. Provisions were plentiful in the city, and the garrison, having received a large draft from a number lull in a recent skirmish.

But the *mudo* did not confide his wants to the convent, although he appeared to make it his headquarters. During the day he would roam from one haunt to another, affording amusement to the soldiers, ever disposed to be diverted by the smallest incident which broke the monotony of their life; and at length El Mudo de Santa Domingo became as well known to the garrison, as the governor of the town himself.

*There is still time.

*It is he.

Ladies Department.

Man and Woman.

Man, in the superiority of his nature, feels himself elated above the vulgar world, and the scenes that are daily passing around him; he looks about him with an eye of haughty consciousness upon the things of the earth, and feels pride in the knowledge that they were created for him; he scans the work of Nature with a scrutinizing gaze, and aims at the topmost pinnacle of ambition. In the impetuosity of youth, he rushes on with headlong steps and unaverted gaze toward that bourne where he fancies the gem of his heart lies enveloped in the obscurity of the future, still onward he rushes with thoughtless phrensy, till some unforeseen barrier has blocked up the path of his career, and dampened the raging flame of his ambition. Half discomfited and blighted with disappointment, he returns to the calmer scenes of life, where for a short time, he applies himself with apparent attention and satisfaction; he fixed his hopes upon a still more future period, and yet looks forward with eagerness to an eminence which, alas! he is never to gain.

Thus passing thus spend his youth in fruitless attempts for greatness, not designed for him, he falls as it were in the scale of his estimation, and again plunges into the busy throng to drown the craving of his restless mind, and to bury the past, the dreary past, in utter oblivion.

Woman, created for the comfort and solace of man, enters upon the active scenes of the life with far different feelings from those which actuate the opposite sex. She is a meek, calm and resigned creature, borne to smile on the rugged asperities of the world—to administer balm to those immediately connected with her—to throw a hallowed spell around the sphere in which she moves—to cheer in the hour of affliction and to bind a halo of smiles on the brow of her bosom companion. She moves through the sun-lit path of youth, as a being of another world—created in beauty—clothed in that robes of innocence—fortified with the shields of virtue, and endowed with the inestimable boon of deep, intense and undying love. When the tempestuous waves of care and strife are dashing our frail bark upon the shoals of danger, and sweeping our fondest hopes onward to destruction—when the gloom of sorrow hangs menacingly over the path which we so oft have trodden in joy, who then is it that whispers words of ethereal solace, and pours balm into the bleeding bosom!

'Tis Woman! kind, gentle and unswerving woman! Though her nature is mild, and her body weak and fragile, compared with that of Man, yet she possesses mental qualities which support and bear up in the most trying circumstances of life, and when Man has almost sunk in despair, she is still found cheering him onward to new exertions and lighting that brow with a smile, which had been saddened with the deepest traces of care and gloom. Alas! and in thus the kind and loving being who is the object of our fondest love, and the people talk much about it; but what can that be higher in rank, and of a nobler family than any in the country, save the king."

"And do you, Annette, think it is the same with woman?" said Patrick.

"Yes, my lady, I am certain it is; the same voice, tact and mellow; I never can forget the night he left the hotel, and pressed this rich ring on my finger and bid me watch over you, lady."

"Madam—lady—I—I—this unexpected, and I may say unlooked for pleasure, puts me into a state of confusion, that my part it is intentional, I assure you——"

"No apology is necessary, sir—your making for my father *is a sufficient* apology."

"I so say true, madam, but former——"

"Annette," interrupted the lady, "proceed on to the castle and announce—may I make so free as to send the name?"

"Earl of Oxford."

"The Earl of Oxford! Is it possible. My father's friend."

Every apology on my part, dear lady, shall be made for my former presumption. I can scarcely expect forgiveness from one who calls another, husband. I again repeat it, lady, that when I on the height my dignity and more influence, I be varied the mode of attack, and in an instant his opponent lay weltering in his blood.

* * * * * * *

In a remote part of the country, in a rich, fertile and beautiful district, on a fine evening in the pleasant month of June, a lady was seated in front of a neat summer house, surrounded with the running vine, the eglantine and primrose; every surrounding object declared the thought he had been commanding a squadron on a field day.

"*Viva Carlos Quinto!*" shouted he, "*Muerten los negros*."

When, by this action of the prisoner, his face became visible to the surrounding crowd, a suppressed hum ran through the lines of the soldiery, and the words "*El Mudo*" passed from mouth to mouth. Before this mere mention of some, instantly repressed by the officers, had entirely subsided, the prisoner had tranquilly seated himself on the fatal bench, the iron collar was adjusted round his neck, and seemingly without the aid of the executioners gave a few turns to the screw. A slight crushing noise reached the ears of the nearest bystanders, as the vertebræ of the neck were broken against the wooden pillar, and El Mudo de Santa Domingo had paid the penalty of his offences.

After the corpse, according to custom, had remained a short time exposed to the gaze of the multitude, it was removed from the scaffold, and buried outside the town. The following morning, however, the grave in which it had been laid was open, and the body had disappeared.

In the cemetery of a church, a few leagues north of Vittoria, there is a plain slab of grey stone, which for a great part of the year is nearly undiscoverable, so concealed does it lie under the tangled profusion of red and white roses, which the village maidens have planted around it. When, however, the fragrant but thorny barrier is put aside, an inscription is visible. It is short, and runs thus—

Valentin—17 Decembre,
Dolores—23 Decembre.
Para le soberenia.

"Young girls
Love not Charles the Fifth' Death to the Negroe Our Liberals

House of Lost.

A shivering child one winter's night,
The snow was deep and cold the blast
Hugging her ragged mother tight.

Mother," exclaimed "we to house at last!
And mother, pointing with her finger
A ruined hut she stood before.
Where, ever since the morning sun,
They strayed to beg from door to door

Ye're house at last! Said hanna to this—
All hour without, and cold within:
The older children had gone hungry
Her youngest was with the spider spin
But there's no fire to warm, no light,
And crevices are yawning wide.
Through the roof scaffold (a small square platform)
was firmly fixed a strong wooden pillar, against which a
bench had been nailed. Two or three feet above the
bench was an iron bar, bent into nearly a circle, and
which, by means of a powerful screw, could be brought
with great force against the front of the oaken post, so as
to crush any thing that might intervene. Two men,
preserving somewhat of the ancient Spanish costume, in
their suits of rusty black, short cloaks, and broad leaf
slouched hats, were standing by the instrument of death
waiting till the moment should arrive to exercise their
loathsome functions.

At length the criminal made his appearance, strongly
guarded, and attended by a grey-haired priest. His head
was bent upon his breast, and he appeared to be lending
an attentive ear to the exhortations of the reverend father;
but his step was firm, nor did it lose any of its steadiness
as he ascended the half-dozen steps leading to the scaffold. After embracing his penitent, the priest stepped
on the side, averting his eyes from the sad spectacle that
was to follow, and the prisoner, dropping the cloak which
had hitherto protected him from the inclement weather,
and also partly shrouded his face, appeared in the short
green jacket and red overalls of the Carlist cavalry.
Then, drawing himself up to his full height, he smashed
his bonna from his head, and in a voice as clear and sonorous as the thunder he had been commanding a squadron
on a field day,

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